

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 445,000 Copies Sold Every Week

June 14, 1941

Registered in Australia for transmission
by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3^d



Ministering Angel

Painting by VIRGIL



TWO YOUNG Londoners climb into their bunks for their night's sleep underground.



GIRLS busy knitting for the troops in a London shelter.

New job for EVANS of the BROKE

Sailor hero is in charge of Britain's raid shelters

By JAMES B. POND

He jumps into a brick-walled, concrete-topped shelter—a short, sturdy man with an energetic step, a Welsh-Irish lilt in his voice. "Good evening," he calls. "You all right down there?"

Amidst bomb and gun racket he hears, "We could do with a feather bed, Admiral."

"YOU'LL be getting bunks," he shouts. "We've mobilised the whole furniture trade. We're speeding them up for you. Well, good-night and good luck."

Off into the night goes Admiral Sir Edward Evans, making the rounds of his newest command—the bomb-shelter front.

At Civil Defence Headquarters by day on the spot at night, Evans runs the job of safeguarding the lives of London's eight million people, two million of them sleeping away from home in shelters, tunnels, subway tubes, cellars, sheet-steel huts.

Soon after the air war on London started it was realised that a big man was wanted to supervise air-raid shelters.

Evans was tailor-made for the job: as an Antarctic explorer he had

dash and resourcefulness; as a naval officer he understood the importance of orderliness, co-operation, organisation.

He was a man with as many medals for saving life as for taking it in action, a man whose courageous exploits illustrate the qualities that make him invaluable in Britain's present emergency.

Australians will remember Evans in command of the Royal Australian Navy from 1929 to 1931. He was one of the most popular men ever to hold that position.

A thousand anecdotes are still told in the Commonwealth of his frank bluff manner and unfailing good humor.

Millions first knew the admiral as "Evans of the Antarctic," second in command on Captain Robert Falcon Scott's dash to the South Pole.

When the Scott Expedition was less than 150 miles from the Pole food supplies ran low and three of the party had to be ordered back, with Evans leading.

With only four days' food, for they depended on cached supplies, Evans and Seamen Crean and Lashly started on their 900-mile return journey to Scott's ship, the Terra Nova.

After 400 miles Evans, who had been on the ice fourteen weeks—longer than his companions—was stricken with scurvy.

He had himself lashed to the sledge and for hundreds of miles he helped push it with a pole, which he shifted from one side to the other, while his companions pulled.

When food ran out thirty-five miles from the ship, Crean made the final lap alone on a few paraffin-soaked biscuits, and returned with succor just in the nick of time.

Heroic deeds

To those who have followed his career most closely the admiral is "Evans of the Shoulders."

His powerful shoulders, trained in that Antarctic trek and in swimming, have helped him win battles and save lives.

During the World War the English Channel was no place for swimmers. But Evans, commanding the warship *Broke*, stationed with the *Swift* in the Channel off Dover, would often toss a life-belt overboard and have a bit of a swim. And thereby hangs a tale.

According to naval legend, on the night of April 20, 1917, Evans was ashore in dinner clothes celebrating the first anniversary of his marriage to the beautiful Elsa Andvord, to whom he had proposed, with characteristic dash, ten minutes after he first saw her at a dinner.

In the midst of festivities he received word that six German destroyers were headed for Dover. Evans dashed to the quayside, kicked off his pumps, threw his



ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD EVANS, famous as "Evans of the Broke," now has a new command, London's underground shelters.

dinner coat aside, dived into Dover Harbor and swam to the *Broke*.

The *Broke*, attacking with the *Swift*, sank two enemy vessels, one by torpedo and cannon fire, the other by ramming. Evans drove the *Broke* into and finally over his enemy.

For the first time in a hundred years there was piped on a British man-o'-war the order, "Prepare to Board." Seamen with cutlasses, pistols, and small arms swept the enemy deck clean of crew.

Few Englishmen know that their hero won that fight in dripping dinner clothes.

Epic of the sea

EVANS' shoulders again served him well in 1921 when the Hong Moh, carrying 1200 Chinese, went fast on rocks at Swatow, China.

Evans, in command of the cruiser *Carlisle*, answered a call for help. He found several hundred survivors clinging to the forepart of a ship cracked in two by typhoon and raging surf. Rafts, whaleboats and a motor boat were launched into the rough sea—to no avail.

Then a man from the *Carlisle* dived into the maelstrom of surf and running sea. He carried a line to the wreck and rigged a lifebuoy.

From the slanting wave-swept deck he loaded Chinese into the buoy—many so helpless they had to be lifted bodily.

At dawn a launch was manoeuvred to the remnant of ship.

Loaded with survivors, it was about to cast off when a giant wave dashed it against the wreck.

Ropes dangling from the Hong Moh became entangled in the launch's propeller. Rescuers and rescued were in danger of being spilled into the sea.

The same man who had carried the lifebuoy line dived in to work on the tangle.

Finally he freed the launch and it reached the *Carlisle* safely with 221 survivors.

In his reports of this event Evans asked honors for several men, but said nothing of the man who had twice braved a dangerous sea.

It was a long time before his identity was revealed. It was, of course, Evans himself. He merely commented that these were jobs he wouldn't order a man to do.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. W. A. HARRIMAN
... defence expediter

FIRST United States Minister to Great Britain is Mr. W. A. Harriman, appointed by President Roosevelt as a special "defence expediter" to handle in London work associated with American aid to Britain under the Lend or Lease programme. He has been given the rank of Minister with its accompanying diplomatic privileges.

Mr. Harriman is a New York financier and banker. His father, the late H. H. Harriman, American "Rail King," left a fortune of £20,000,000.



MRS. J. C. R. PROUD
... Red Cross in Malaya

JUST appointed woman representative of the Australian Red Cross in Malaya, Mrs. J. C. R. Proud, of Melbourne, has been in Singapore since last July. Mrs. Proud is a well-known Red Cross worker with some nursing training.

Her husband, Lieut. Commander Proud, is liaison officer in Singapore between the British and Australian Forces.



MR. JOHN McMILLAN
... diplomatic career

BRILLIANT scholar and all-round sport Mr. John Mill McMillan, of Melbourne, was recently appointed third secretary on the staff of Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian Minister to U.S.A. Began his career by winning nine scholarships at Melbourne Grammar School. Graduated M.A. and L.L.B. at Melbourne University.

Was attached to the Department of External Affairs, Canberra, for the last three years.

Make this story your own

Born within every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. Breath-taking beauty is not so important as to know how to fascinate and appear well-groomed with, above all, an attractive skin. Fortunate then is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to bring her complexion to perfection. Only in the heart of a rose will you match such velvet softness. Only in the depths of a garden at close of day will you find a fragrance so delicate and appealing...

She'd never forget this night. The shining beauty of the garden... the soft talking of the fountain which seemed to echo his words: "I love you..."

ERASMIC face powder

RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING AND COLD), 1/1 TUBE

Brief Return

*Thrilling new
mystery serial*

ON that dreadful afternoon Jenny changed after lunch to a short white tennis frock and Alice to pink linen, and we all went to sit on the lawn above the lake, presumably for coolness, but it was hot everywhere.

I'd better explain here that we were at the time an entirely feminine household. Except for the servants, there were at Tenacres only me, Jenny, and Alice; and Basil Hoult had been dead, to everybody's great satisfaction, for just over a year.

Alice, of course, had been for seven wretched years Basil Hoult's wife. Eight months after the extremely fortunate (except that it involved the pilot's life, too) crash of the plane in which Basil was sole passenger, Alice had married again and had gone away at once with her new husband, leaving me in possession of Tenacres and of Basil's money.

Only, however, because I was the next legal heir and Basil apparently hadn't been able to bear the thought of a second husband to Alice enjoying Basil's money and Basil's house and had so written his will.

Tenacres is the lovely old Hoult house, and there was, for the first time since my childhood, plenty of money, even after I gave half of it to Alice at the time she married Robert Blake.

It had seemed natural for Jenny to stay on with me. There was, indeed, nothing else for her to do, for she had no money, yet she stayed mainly, I think, because I wanted her.

Jenny Shore was the kind of person you did want. I remember her as she was that drowsy, hot day of July the seventh, sitting on the grass in her white tennis frock, with her softly tanned back and arms slim and youthful, playing with the kitten and smiling gently at some thought having serene existence under her soft red-brown hair, which shone like a crown where the sun struck it.

Alice was then twenty-seven, and Jenny twenty-four, and only the briefest glance would ever have taken one sister for the other. Alice was passably pretty, rather self-satisfied (now her troubles were over), plump, placid, and not very interesting.

Jenny was lovely. Lately I had watched that loveliness grow as the ugly two years she'd spent trying to rescue Alice gradually receded and the forced maturity in her face departed except in flashes, and Jenny herself bloomed.

It was like watching the sleeping beauty gently and slowly arouse. Slowly, because it was as if Jenny herself could not quite believe that those years of tragic struggle were over and Basil was dead and Alice free and thus Jenny herself free to live her own life. For Jenny had been a captive no less than Alice, and in a different way. Alice was captive because she hadn't the strength and decision to set herself free. Jenny

mischievous prank of Basil's which, in its utter, cool cruelty, was typical of Basil, even as a boy. There'd been infection and surgery and months of pain, and later heaven only knows how many complexes and how much sadness for Alastair to conquer.

Yet, oddly enough, the two had remained the most intimate friends. And after Basil's death Alastair had continued to come to Tenacres quite as much as he had done while Basil was alive. Indeed, it had seemed to me lately, his visits were more and more frequent and more and more lengthy. And while I am not and don't pretend to be any great shakes as a psychologist, still I do have eyes in my head and know how to use them, and it was perfectly clear that Alastair didn't come to see me.

Yet I hoped and kept hoping that it was part sheer loneliness, for he lived alone in the old Evans place, with only a manservant, who went home at night, for company, and his hobbies to keep him amused.

Dealing in intangibles is difficult. It was simply impossible to go to Alastair and say: "By the way, Jenny's fallen gorgeously, utterly, head over heels in love with Tom Tucker. And I think he has also fallen in love with her in exactly the same headlong, beautiful way, and won't you please stay away until the thing is settled?" And there was no tangible way for me to describe the irresistible current that was sweeping Tom and Jenny together.

Well, he sat down and looked at Jenny and demanded a lemonade. Jenny sent for Joe and told him what she wanted.

Presently Joe brought a tray of drinks and we talked of nothing much and Alastair played with the kitten. He'd given it to Jenny and would watch her lingeringly when she held it on her shoulder—the kitten superbly complacent and content, with its eyes like the sky.

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By MIGNON G. EBERHART

was held by her own stern loyalty and the strength of her devotion to her sister.

It must have been about four when Alastair Evans came strolling through the woods that lie between Tenacres and his house, perhaps half a mile away. He crossed the bridge, a tall, quick-moving figure in immaculate white, above which his darkly handsome face was rather arresting. Handsome, that is, if you looked at the good side of his face. That was the right side; the other side was horribly twisted and marred by a great red scar, above which his dark eyes blazed in striking beauty.

Basil Hoult's life had left many scars, perhaps, but the scar it left upon Alastair Evans, his best and oldest friend, was and would for ever remain dreadfully visible. It was the result of long-ago Fifth of November explosives and a wickedly

Illustrated by JOHN MILLS



"Don't let him overdo things for a few days," smiled the nurse.

WHEN Caroline first saw Kit's face looking out rather sheepishly from the front pages of the daily papers she stared at it unbelievably. The wording below the photo struck her as equally incredible.

"Squadron-Leader Christopher Collie," she read, "who has been awarded the D.F.C. for his gallant

leadership of the bombing raid on an enemy aerodrome.

"In addition, Squadron-Leader Collie performed an act of great heroism on the homeward flight. Seeing another single machine in

difficulties under the fierce and concentrated attack of three German fighters he at once attacked, although himself wounded in the shoulder and his machine damaged by gunfire. He succeeded in shooting down one of the Nazi planes and the other two were driven off. Both British machines returned safely to their base."

The same story was repeated at different length but with equal enthusiasm in every morning paper and already the telephone had begun to ring with messages of inquiry and congratulation.

Caroline folded up the last copy thoughtfully and got up from the uncleared breakfast table, a tiny furrow between her eyebrows.

Funny that she, Kit's wife and the closest person in the world to him, should be the very last to be able to grasp what had happened—that he was a sort of national hero who, on his return from hospital, would be chased by cameramen and stared at by crowds.

It was so extraordinary, so fantastic. She didn't know this hero of the skies at all; the Kit she knew had sleepy grey eyes, a blunt nose and a dented chin, and loved pottering about the garden and messing interminably with the car and washing Ambrose, the sheepdog.

Her Kit was a quiet, easy-going, gentle person, shy and home-loving like herself, not a man who went after German bombers and shot them down in flames and won medals.

In a queer sort of way it frightened her suddenly to think what a stranger this new Kit was—although he was outwardly exactly the same, propped up in his neat hospital bed with his arm in a sling and his brown hair still looking wind-blown.

The telephone rang again and she sighed and went to answer it, but this time it was her sister, Mavis.

"Darling, I've just seen the papers— isn't it marvellous! Caroline, you must be nearly bursting with pride! And you never told us how wonderful he'd been!"

"But Mavis, I didn't really know," Caroline said weakly. "I mean—of course I knew he had done a very big job and that it was dangerous, but you know what he is about things. He just muttered something about, 'Oh! it was a bit of a dust up but I think we popped a few bombs somewhere near the blighters,'

By
**MARGARET
FERGUSON**

Illustrated by NOEL COOK

Ambrose lumbering happily beside her, she was pounced on at once at the garden gate by an eager-looking young man, who proved to be a newspaper reporter.

He said: "I'd like very much to have a few personal details about your husband. Now, could you just give me a few pointers about his character? I mean is he fond of parties and night life and that sort of thing?"

"Good gracious, no! He loves country life and pottering about in the garden and—"

"I see. Home-loving, modest, reticent. Well, that's the stuff heroes are made of nowadays, aren't they? How is he going to spend his leave before he rejoins his squadron?"

"Oh, here at home!" Caroline glanced back with bright eyes at the small house. "He loves the country and the quiet."

"Well, you mustn't let him hide himself away too much," the young man said heartily, in a patronising tone. "London's pretty gay in spite of everything and if he goes to any theatres he'll get a great reception. The public like to show their appreciation of the courage of men like your husband. Well, good morning, Mrs. Collie, and thank you very much."

He departed at whirlwind speed down the road and

Caroline continued on her way to the High Street where her progress was hung up again endlessly by showers of greeting and congratulations.

"Oh, dear!" she thought, faintly dismayed. "Kit will hate it if everyone's going to keep up this fuss, even his friends. I must prepare him a bit."

Next morning she took the car out and drove the thirty miles to the big hospital where Kit had been taken.

There was an air of cheerful bustle about the place, and after what seemed an interminable wait she heard footsteps in the echoing hall, and there was Kit, his arm still in a sling, and a young, red-haired nurse fussing attentively round him.

"Here he is, Mrs. Collie, all safe and sound, and he can have the sling off to-morrow. Don't let him overdo things for a few days," she smiled.

and then he wouldn't say anything more about it."

"Well, he's a national hero," Mavis said excitedly. "You must come up to town and celebrate, my dear, the moment he comes home. Jeff and I want to give a party for you both, a really slap-up do with all our friends. Let me know the very second he's fit enough for it."

"Mavis, it's sweet of you, but honestly I think Kit will hate any sort of fuss and—"

But Mavis was not to be done out of her party. Caroline hung up and went back to the sunny little dining-room where Susan, the very young maid, was clearing away. Susan's blue eyes were very round and her cheeks were very pink.

A wartime romance

"Oh, m'm, I was just looking at the paper, all about Mr. Collie," she said breathlessly. "Isn't it wonderful to see his picture like that everywhere, just as though he'd done a murder or something!"

"Yes, it's wonderful, Susan," Caroline said, suppressing a smile. "He'll be home to-morrow," she added. "We must think up a specially nice lunch. I've saved our meat coupons and we ought to be able to run to a really nice steak."

"Oh, yes, m'm!" Susan said happily. "With onions and lots of little mushrooms. I'll take care about it."

She clattered off to the kitchen with the tray, her voice lifted in song and Caroline smiled and then sat down to the household books. One still had to go on coping with wartime menus and housekeeping—although one's husband was a hero and would wear a new D.F.C. ribbon on his tunic when he came home.

Later, as she went out with her shopping basket, her neat list, and



Always look for the name

MORLEY

**ON UNDERWEAR
AND SLUMBERWEAR**

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CONFOUND THE ODDS

Story of an airman who wouldn't play hero, even for a pretty girl.

By ... RICHARD POWELL

I DON'T know what made me take Gary Stowe into convoy when he was assigned to us at Lakehurst Naval Air Station. I hadn't known him very well at the Naval Academy and I hadn't seen him since we got our commissions eight years ago.

From the first, it was plain that he wouldn't fit into our crowd. He was too slow, too cautious. Not fitting into our crowd was nothing against him, of course. But one morning in late summer we began to suspect that Gary might not fit into the Navy.

We came out of the Administration Building and headed for the big barn, to get the K-6 and J-3. We crossed the main street of the station with exaggerated carelessness—for Gary's benefit—and then looked back at him.

As usual, he was spending ten seconds looking for traffic before crossing. We waited for him to make the same remark he'd made almost daily for months: "You fellows will get smacked by a car some day, crossing this street without looking."

We all howled. Good old cautious Gary. He treated that quiet street as if it were Broadway and Forty-second. It was one of those jokes which get better every time.

"You ought to build a tunnel under the street," I told him. "Then your only worry would be dodging those high-speed moles."

He grumbled. "I suppose a little thing like getting hit by a car doesn't matter to fellows who are parachute jumping to-day for no reason at all. Why do you take such chances?"

"You've got to take chances in the Navy," I said. "Didn't you ever hear of a famous Admiral who said, 'Confound the odds,' instead of 'Let's play safe,' when he found himself outnumbered?"

He took me seriously. "That chap only took chances in an emergency. You fellows are just looking for excitement."

I practised the injured tone I planned to use to my wife. "Me after excitement? Why, this is practically in the line of duty. You wouldn't want officers to hang back when four seamen from the Parachute Material School are jumping, would you? Answer me that one!"

"They have to jump to win ratings as 'chute packers. You and Andy and Carl and Ted asked for it."

"It helps morale for the men to see officers taking the same chances."

He grunted. "If I were a seaman, it wouldn't help my morale to see officers take chances just for fun."

"It's not just for fun. The newsreels and news photographers are down to-day. Eight men jumping make a better picture than four."

"Sure—and seven 'chutes opening out of eight would make a better picture than eight out of eight. Why don't you volunteer for that, too?"

I said, "I hope Jane won't think of all those arguments."

"She will," he said, encouragingly. "By the way, if you don't break your neck I might come around to-night to borrow that book Lehmann wrote about the Zeppelins."

I grinned. Up to that point he'd had me on the defensive. Now I had him. He'd come around to borrow that book at least ten times since my sister-in-law, Linda, arrived to visit Jane. He forgot the book very carefully, every time he left. "That excuse is wearing thin," I said. "What you need is a new camouflage job. Let me paint you in nice zebra-stripes so Linda won't realise you're laying a course to intercept her."

"What makes you think I'm interested?"

"Maybe it's the way you act torpedoes when she smiles at you."

"Well, all right. I am interested, Mal. But I don't know how to find out if she is."

"I got Jane by trying the good old tactics of Boarders Away."

"I'd want to be very sure a girl liked me before I asked her to be my wife. If you don't mind, I'll hang around and see if she gets sort of used to me," he said.

"It's okay with me," I said, "but Linda may get tired of those tactics."

We stood in front of the big hangar and watched the tractors pull out the K-6 and J-3. They looked like fat silver puppies nosing out of an oversize kennel. Andy and Carl and Ted and I chain-smoked cigarettes and tried to be very casual.

Lieutenant-Commander Medway, who was going to pilot the K-6, came over to us. "You men," he chuckled, "don't look fit to jump off a kitchen chair."

That broke the tension. We assured him anyone would be glad to bail out of an airship he was piloting. We told him we were only nervous about going up with him, not about coming down by ourselves.

Medway said, "I'll bet a case of beer a couple of you get so excited you throw away your ripcords on the way down."

We took the bet and arranged to drink his beer that night. Then

Illustrated by FISCHER



"It's a question of Gary's career, Linda," said Mal earnestly.

we separated to board the bilmps. two officers and two seamen to jump from each. We tilted up in the K-6, levelled off at 2000 and waited for the J-3 to get in formation.

Gary unhooked the bar across the door.

Bentley, one of the two seamen, turned green. "I can't do it, sir," he gasped.

Medway said, "It's just a jump. You'll be all right." Bentley gripped the edge of the door with whitening hands, and shook his head.

Medway snapped, "If you don't jump you won't get your rating."



He went out of the cabin door in a flat racing dive.

"It's—it's too far down."

"All right," Medway growled. "Sit down somewhere, out of the way. Hang it, the photographers know eight men are supposed to jump. We don't want 'em thinking that somebody lost his nerve. Gary, hook on your 'chutes and show the boys how."

Gary asked, "Is that an order, sir?"

"Order? I can't order anyone to take a practice jump."

Gary's face looked as bleak as a reef. "There is no such thing as a practice jump, sir. They're all for keeps. I don't believe in taking chances except in an emergency."

"Wish I could order you to jump," Medway growled. "Just to see if—All right, take over as pilot. Give me those 'chutes."

He buckled on the big practice chute and the small emergency pack. We waited. Gary got a signal over the radio from the J-3, and waved a go-ahead to us.

Medway chuckled. "Don't throw away those cords," and stepped over-side. The second seaman followed. Andy went out in a burlesque swan dive. I took a deep breath and plunged.

When I felt air pressure building up, I grabbed for the D-ring over my heart, and yanked. The harness jerked at my chest. I found myself swinging under the opened chute like a clock pendulum. My right arm ached because I'd almost thrown it away when I yanked the D-ring—but the ripcord was still in my fingers. I grinned. Nobody was going to drink beer on me.

After our bunch got together on the ground, we discovered that Carl and Andy had lost their ripcords. That meant we were in for a lot

of ribbing from the Lieutenant-Commander. But he came up to us sheepishly, and admitted he'd lost his, too. So then we had a good laugh and arranged to chip in for beer.

Gary docked the K-6 and joined us. "Mal," he said to me, "you should have worked your shroud lines on the way down to stop that swinging. If you'd hit on the down-swing—"

Medway said abruptly, "You're a fine one to talk," and stamped away.

AFTER a moment's surprised silence, Carl asked: "What's eating him?"

Gary explained about refusing to take the jump. "You fellows may not realise it," he said, "but there are a half-dozen ways you can get hurt bailing out, even if the chute opens properly. If the harness is crooked you can cave in a couple of ribs. You can hit on a down-swing. You can get dragged after you hit. And even the best landing is as tough as jumping from a twelve-foot wall. That's why—"

He stopped talking because the others had drifted away. He started to ask me why they walked off, but just then a couple of cars screeched to a halt by the hangar. The girls had heard about our jumps.

Jane came to meet me, and said, "You lug. Why didn't I marry a civilian?"

Linda was standing beside the car talking to Andy and Ted and Medway. That girl certainly could draw men. She should have opened a recruiting station. Standing there in the sun, with her head thrown back, she looked like a figurehead from one

of the old clipper ships. Her bright hair rippled back from her temples as if it had been combed in the slipstream of a propeller.

She called gaily, "Jane, I've been trying to pick out a second husband for you. An accident insurance. But they all seem to be just as reckless as Mal."

Andy said, with a bite in his voice, "You'd better interview Gary. He's safe."

She laughed. "Jane can't have him. I'm saving him for my first. Well, anyway, I won't have to worry about his taking wild chances."

Personally, I wouldn't want that kind of remark made in public about me, but it seemed to tickle Gary. He began telling her how dangerous it was to bail out. I don't believe anything more would have been said about the affair, except for what happened that night.

Gary hadn't arrived at my quarters when the gang turned up with two cases of beer. I took the cases to the kitchen and helped Jane and Linda put the bottles on ice. Then, from the front room, I heard the voice of the young ensign who had been steersman that day on the K-6.

"What burned me up," he was saying, "was the way Lieutenant Stowe talked after the others bailed out. He started rating that seaman for being afraid to jump. If you ask me, Lieutenant Stowe is the last guy to—"

I got into the room and said, "Forget it, Blackburn."

Medway said, "Maybe this business needs a little talking over. Perhaps there's a subtle difference between why Bentley didn't jump and why Gary didn't—but—"

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ONE MORE GUINEA PIG

Drama of a doctor who stood to win his cherished goal only by losing his adored young wife.

By HANNAH LEES

SHE watched the hospital doors dwarf and swallow him, then let off the brake with a jerk and trod hard on the gas. She mustn't cry. You couldn't arrive at a party all streaky and damp, even if you were arriving without your husband. Even if—Oh, particularly if—particularly this party.

She had tried to be understanding. She hadn't made any fuss when he turned away from the phone with his black tie half tied and began to take it off again.

She had only said, "Can't it possibly wait, Bob? The whole dinner party was planned just for you."

"If you're a doctor, darling," he'd said, going right ahead taking off his tie, "you've got to lead a doctor's life."

She had still tried to be understanding and tactful. "You're a marvellous doctor, Bob, but it doesn't do any good to be a marvellous doctor unless people get to know you."

"How is anybody to know what kind of a doctor I am just meeting me at dinner?" he had said, pulling at the studs of his dress shirt.

"All important contacts are made over the dinner table, father says, and the DeWils are looking for a new doctor."

"They haven't got pneumonia, have they?" he'd said. "Because this woman I'm going to see has."

"No," she had answered, and then, because she couldn't help it, "but if the DeWils did get pneumonia they'd pay." And that was when it had happened. He hadn't stopped changing his clothes. He hadn't sat down beside her or taken her hand or anything. All she had seen was the back of his head and an occasional glimpse of solid ruddy face that usually made him look so boyish, but now just made him look hard.

"Listen, Sue," he had said. "I'm

getting twelve hundred dollars a year for working on this new drug, and lots of people live on that. You don't have to, thanks to your successful father. But that twelve hundred is paying me for doing an important job of work, much more important than all the rich patients or all the banking jobs in the world, and I'm going to put it before dinner engagements and excellent contacts and even your precious family."

"I'm probably even going to put it before you, too, my sweet—not in my heart, not so far, but in my mind. And that's the way it is, and you'll have to take it or leave it. If you take it, you'll have all my love always. If you leave it, Sue, you'll be a darn sight more comfortable, and I won't be either happy or comfortable, but I'll probably do better work."

He was pulling his coat on by this time, and he came up close to her. She thought he was going to kiss her, but he didn't.

"Too bad you were so badly brought up in all those expensive schools you went to," he murmured. "You've the makings of a grand girl, baby. Now, if you'll drop me at the hospital you can go and tell your mother anything you want. I'll be along to bring you home if things clear up so I possibly can."

She hadn't said anything. She couldn't say anything unless she said something dreadful and irrevocable. She pulled on her coat

and drove him to the hospital in silence and dropped him and drove away.

It had seemed so wonderful and simple, marrying a brilliant, struggling young doctor, but the reality was so different. It was all very well to talk about living for science, but Bob ought to want to make money as fast as possible. Even if they did have plenty, it was still her money. He ought to want to meet people who would help him get ahead. Why couldn't he have come with her to-night? There must be some way he could have managed it.

But he hadn't, and here she was. She pulled her face together and rang the doorbell.

"Hello, Thomas." Her voice sounded artificial in her own ears. "Doctor Janner was called out. Tell Elsie there's no sense in waiting for him."

She could tell from her mother's face, when she entered the living-room, that her words had carried. "Bob got a call just as we were leaving," she said as fast as she could. "It was pneumonia and terribly serious, so" she shrugged and tried to make the despair in her voice sound mocking—"enter the doctor's wife, alone."

It looked as if she had at least partly succeeded, because Mrs. DeWils said it must be difficult being married to a doctor, but so rewarding and fascinating. Mr. Welton, who, with Mrs. Welton, had been asked to keep the contact with the DeWils from looking too obvious, said it was these conscientious young fellows who came out on top. And Mrs. Welton said Bob was such a sweet boy. And Sue's father said how about some cocktails?

But Sue's mother said if girls would only marry nice convenient bankers— And Sue only hoped the steel edge of those words hadn't gleamed as sharply to everybody else as it had to her.

The evening wore on interminably, particularly after dinner, because without Bob they couldn't play bridge. And that was too bad, cooed Mrs. Brattle, because the DeWils were so fond of bridge. So they sat and talked whenever they could think of anything to say, and Sue wondered just what constituted unendurable incompatibility in the divorce courts, and whether Bob, with all those things he's said this evening, wasn't beginning to question their compatibility too.

Nothing was further from Bob's mind about then than divorce, unless just possibly marriage and his wife. The woman he'd been called to see was seriously ill, and a perfect subject for his new drug.

He gave her the first dose and waited to see how she was going to tolerate it.

By about ten it looked as if it was going to be all right. He left orders for continued dosages and went over to Children's to see the boy he'd given the stuff to yesterday. He was doing well. Perhaps he could add this child to the list of cases he was reporting at the meeting on Monday, make an even hundred. Even a hundred cases wasn't many, but possibly this time next year he'd have three hundred.

Ten-thirty; he looked at his watch when he left Children's. Catch a bus and get out in time to take Sue home.

A blast of wind almost took his hat as he entered the tree-lined drive of the Brattle home. Good pneumonia weather, this; funny how March was always a pneumonia month.

"Hello, Thomas, Mrs. Janner still here? . . . That's good, I'll find her." . . . He wandered into the living-room.

Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



In the moonlight Mrs. Brattle looked scarcely older than her daughter.

"Party over yet?" His eyes sought Sue's as he greeted his mother-in-law. "I'm terribly sorry I had to miss it, Mrs. Brattle."

"How do you do?" he acknowledged the introduction to the DeWils and drifted over near Mr. Welton. Mr. Welton liked to talk

newspaper headlines companionably and without violence.

"Sighted any parachute troops over your oak trees yet, Mr. Welton?" he said. "How long do you give us on the side line—six months?"

Please turn to page 40



Bob gazed up with grudging admiration at his mother-in-law.

THEY WORK FOR VICTORY...



WATER-BOTTLE CORKS . . . For the enamel water-bottles our soldiers carry, well-fitting corks are prepared. Camera shows Mrs. L. Burns and Audrey Clark assembling them.

Skilled women make army clothes for our troops

By TORA BECKINGSALE, Australian Women's Weekly reporter on an officially sponsored tour of munitions factories.

In every State in Australia women are working at the all-important job of munition-making. The Australian Women's Weekly has told of women of New South Wales and Victoria busy at their benches, and here is the story from the South Australian factory front.

In South Australian workrooms I found women making greatcoats to keep our men warm; service jackets, trousers, shorts; the tents that cover them at night; haversacks; the boots they march in; the water-bottle stoppers which save precious water; padded seats for lorries; canvas covers for anti-tank guns.

THESE "girls behind the guns" are gallant, cheerful young people of an average age of 20.

Long before most people are out of bed these cold morning girls from every suburb pile into trains and trams and buses, or hundreds of them pedal alone on bicycles to get to their work, which at many factories begins at 7.30 a.m.

In modern, well-lighted, airy factories they sing at their work, or listen to the cheerful strains of a wireless as their nimble fingers turn out hundreds of thousands of articles necessary for the war.



MAKING HAVERSACKS. One Adelaide factory turns out 6000 a week. Work is done in sections. Mabel Jorgensen sews in lining.

Third of a series of special articles

Miss Courtney has several sisters working for her. Annie Dowle has been with her for 20 years, and Ruby Dowle for 10.

One of the most popular girls in the factory is little deaf and dumb Mary Hunter. Aged only 16, fair-haired, bright-faced Mary gets on very well with the other girls. She carries on long conversations with them on her little paper block. Mary sews on buttons and does finishing work.

Award rate for girls making military coats is from 12/- to £2/18/9 a week.

From these salaries, the girls manage to spare pennies each week for the Red Cross.

All round the workroom walls huge Red Crosses are hung. The girls buy penny Red Cross seals to cover these crosses.

Fine workers

ANOTHER person who has a high opinion of girls' war effort is Mr. Jack Bott, foreman in charge of eight sections of workers at a huge factory where about 300 girls are employed, apart from clerical staff.

"Girls are really fine workers," he said.

I found the girls at this factory at lunch, seated round long tables with their little flat lunch suitcases in front of them.

Presiding over them, all in the lunch-room was motherly, cheerful-looking Mrs. E. McCance, who supervises their food.

She explained that because the girls start their work early they nearly all have a hot dinner in the middle of the day. They bring this meal in jars from home, and Mrs. McCance warms it up in her big oven.

She will also boil eggs the girls bring in. In the summer-time she pops into the refrigerator cold meats and salads and jellies that the girls have for their lunches.

The firm supplies tea and sugar and Mrs. McCance makes tea. The girls have a milk club, and by paying 3d. a fortnight they can have as many cups of tea a day as they like.

Although it was hard to get a word in edgewise with all the laughing, chattering girls at lunch, I managed to talk to a few of them.

Mavis Duffield, dressmaker before she took up war work, admitted diffidently that she had changed work because she "thought it better to do something for the war." This was the shyly-expressed opinion of most of the girls.

Fair-haired Pat Gabrielson, formerly a nurse, was working hard to help with the war effort so that her fiancé in Malaya might come back soon.

So were Mrs. Harry Hutchins, whose husband is in Egypt, and Marjorie Green and Beulah Tobin, whose fiancés have joined the Air Force.

There was hardly one girl who did not have some loved one away for whom she felt she was working.

Quite a big worry for factory



MILITARY GREATCOATS and service jackets. Expertly tailored military uniforms are turned out by the thousand. Splendid tailoring demonstrated by forewoman Doris Lelliot when she slips greatcoat over her shoulders for final inspection by Miss Courtney.

managers is that modern factory girls are so attractive that soon after they are trained they get married.

"I am always losing good workers," ruefully said Mr. Eric Styles, manager of a boot factory.

He took me through a workroom where girls were making uppers for soldiers' boots.

One of the most impressive things was the putting in of eyelets. Jean Clarke puts no fewer than 28,000 eyelets in boots a day. She holds the two sides of a boot under a special machine which, in a second, stamps eyelets into both sides at once.

According to the boot award girls start at £1, and get up to £3/0/3, £3/5/6, or if they are working with hot wax thread machines, they get £3/13/-.

Factory war work presents no difficulties to modern, capable, married women who also have houses to run.

Mrs. Burns, worker at a metal factory, said that she and her husband have grills and casserole dishes for dinner on week nights because they do not take long to cook. If there is any preparing to do, she does it the night before.

This is the plan all married workers follow.

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

What a glorious change this four-minute damp-set makes in dull unruly hair! Resolves your wave. Keeps curls in place. Hair gleams with lustre—never "stiff" or "oily"! First Hollywood, now Australia, claims this discovery of a famous American Beauty chemist. . . . Used by smart women everywhere to keep their hair-styles "salon-fresh."

JUST 3 STEPS. (1) Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. (2) Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. (3) Arrange in waves and curls with fingers and comb. Works perfectly on any hair . . . any wave. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser, to-day, for VELMOL.



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Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

FORMULA FOR BRIGHTER STOVES AND GRATES

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the perfect
cleaner
for stoves
and grates
in ZEBO"



Magic! You'll say so when you see Zebbo Liquid Stove Polish go to work on stoves and grates. Zebbo is specially made to clean and polish in one simple operation and its lovely lustre lasts. Use Zebbo straight from the tin—just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, there's no waste, no mess. Zebbo won't dry up in the tin, it's inexpensive and economical to use.



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88 Collett St. Richmond, Melbourne.

AFTER Alastair's second drink Cynthia and Rodney Loveday arrived. They lived in a sprawling Queen Annish cottage at the foot of the hill below Tenacra. Rodney had been manager of the factory during Basil's lifetime and before I sold it; he had then opened an office above the bank in Turnford, and luckily had a small income besides. Cynthia was a beauty. If, that is, you like that particular kind of lush, white-and-gold, full-bloomed beauty, I can't say that I do, especially in contrast to Jenny's finer-bred, clean, and delicate loveliness.

But if I didn't quite take to Cynthia's beauty, there were plenty who did. I have seen people turn, especially men, to watch her as she passed along, tall, golden, lithe, with her heavy eyelids lifting just enough to show a slumbrous challenge in her green-bronze eyes. She was rather large, or would have seemed so had she not been so remarkably graceful and well proportioned; her hands were large, too, with strong bones and big fingertips. She wore pale green sandals and no stockings and asked hungrily for tea.

Cynthia was always hungry—in a curious way that went deeper than mere food-hunger and thirst. Even her eyes seemed to drink things into them.

Perhaps I am describing these people too much at length, and perhaps too fancifully. I knew them so well and yet, oddly, so little, for I knew, as one does, only what they chose to disclose.

Rodney, red-faced with heat and the trudge Cynthia had made him take up the hill, trotted across the lawn in Cynthia's wake and subsided in a chair, wiping his round face.

"Drinks," he said. "Thank heaven!"

Cynthia sat down, too, and looked round. Alastair got up to give her a glass and Cynthia smiled up at him with a brief lifting of her heavy eyelids. "Where's the Friar?" she said. "He's the only regular not here. I thought he was coming for tennis. Cigarette, darling?" Well, of course, Cynthia called everybody darling, carelessly.

Alastair took out his cigarette case and bent over her with a lighter, and she put her hand on his wrist. Jenny said briefly that Tom wasn't coming. They called him everything: Tommy Tucker and the Friar, and Tuck, though lately more and more people had fallen into the way of calling him Dr. Tucker.

The kitten made a dash for a butterfly that wandered by, with a furious small clatter of his bell.

"What's the bell for, Jenny?" inquired Alastair lazily, as Rodney paused to take a long, cold drink. "To warn the birds?"

Brief Return

Continued from page 3

"Supposedly. It only arrived this morning."

They all looked at the slender, small harness that went over the kitten's head, fastened with an infinitesimal buckle under his fawn-colored stomach, and the small and surprisingly shrill bell.

"It's loud enough to scare the birds to death," said Alastair, whose main and engrossing hobby at the moment was amateur photography. "He ought to photograph well—light body, black feet, black face—"

"Mask," corrected Jenny, firmly.

"Mask, then," said Alastair. "I got some excellent shots of you and Cynthia playing tennis last week. They've just come back from being developed and printed. Really lovely."

Cynthia's eyes lifted to meet Alastair's very briefly and then deliberately disengaged. She smiled a little into her glass. Alastair's eyes lowered, too, rather deliberately, his face suddenly a blank.

"Doesn't Basil's dog chase the kitten?" Cynthia asked lazily.

Well, of course, people still didn't mention Basil in Alice's hearing and Cynthia knew it. Alice stiffened as she always did and put down her scrap of knitting and reached for a cigarette. And Jenny frowned and said shortly, "He'd better not," and gave the kitten a smart little spank. He leaped indignantly to his feet and his bell jingled.

"He's a pretty thing," said Cynthia, and bent as she spoke with a startling loveliness of motion and scooped the kitten up in her white hands. He wriggled; she held him nevertheless to her face. There was a hoarse little yell from the cat, a flurry of black paws, and a cry from Cynthia. The cat streaked across the lawn, his bell tinkling furiously, and Rodney struggled out of his chair, his round face instantly scarlet with anger.

"The little beast has hurt you!"

"It's nothing—only a scratch," Cynthia was dabbing her cheek with a handkerchief and looking a little startled. Alice cried: "Jenny, get iodine for her. The little wretch! It's not safe to have him about."

Jenny didn't move; there was a gleam in her blue eyes which was not one of dissatisfaction, but she said she was sorry.

"He doesn't like to be kissed," she added coolly. "Do you want iodine, Cynthia?"

Rodney gave Jenny as marked a glare as his mild grey eyes were able to achieve, and Cynthia got up.

"No, thank you," she said. "I shan't touch the little savage again." She turned to me, "Good-bye, Miss Mary, and thanks for tea. Come down and see us, Alice, when you feel like it."

Alice said she would. Rodney said good-bye absently, for he was watching the sharp crimson line on Cynthia's exquisite cheek.

Alastair rose, but made no other move until Cynthia turned and said, "You're coming, too—aren't you, darling?"

As a matter of fact I don't think he had intended to leave just then. He hesitated, putting out a cigarette slowly. But Cynthia waited, and he said, after a moment, quite pleasantly, that he was.

"See you soon, Jenny," he said, murmured to me and Alice, and walked slowly after Cynthia, who, with her usual confidence in her own desirability and charm, waited to slip her arm through his.

That was about six o'clock. We changed for dinner, only because it was hot, and the air grew more sultry with the approach of night. Some time in the interval of changing and before dinner, Alice wrote a letter to Robert, for it was there on the hall table when I came down, with, as usual, an air-mail stamp on it. That letter was never posted. Days later I tore off the stamp and burned the letter.

Dinner was quiet and tranquil, except that it was so sultry that even the little wavering breath of the candles seemed unbearably hot. We had our coffee on the terrace. "Don't tire yourself, Alice," said Jenny's voice softly out of the shadows. There was a note of tenderness in it, and I knew Jenny was looking at her—taking pride and joy in that recreation, for that was exactly what it amounted to—seeing in Alice qualities I had never been able to see.

"I'm not," said Alice. "I like to knit." She did, certainly. If she kept on at the rate she was beginning she would have enough clothes

for a dozen children by the time her own much-heralded child arrived. She even had me knitting, and I hate knitting, and especially knitting small garments.

So we sat quietly on the terrace, Alice a little snug in her white chiffon, and Jenny watching the moon rise. The little lake turned to silver and sparkled gently. Jenny lighted a cigarette. Alice's needles made whispering little clicks. Away in the black shrubbery towards the drive the kitten's bell tinkled lightly and was still. And all at once from the back of the house a huge black shadow came running towards us. It was the dog Hugo.

He passed below us swiftly, his head down, and disappeared towards the drive. His feet made no sound whatever on the grass; you might have thought it was an apparition, except that Jenny and I both saw it and looked quickly at Alice. But she was bent over her knitting. Jenny leaned back in her chair again.

The moon went higher; the whole earth was suffused in its unearthly clarity and whiteness. Jenny had put out her cigarette and was lost in thought. She was a white, clear profile with shadowed, dreaming eyes, her slender bare arms languid on the arms of her chair and her silver sandals, with their absurd heels, gleaming softly against the old stones of the terrace.

SOMEbody was walking up the drive. I heard and listened and Jenny heard, I saw her listen, too. I saw a queer look of concentration come into her face, for the moon's light was so clear and white, it was like day. And I saw that look of concentration deepen and change and become sheer, stark horror. Her hands went slowly to her throat in the queerest gesture and she turned her head cautiously, as if fearing what she might see, towards the steps that went to the lawn, and, by a flagstone walk, to the front drive.

Alice, apparently, had heard nothing. I don't know why I looked at her; I don't know why I was suddenly tense and rigid, too, and listening with every nerve.

The footsteps left the drive. I could hear nothing then, but I watched Jenny and knew she heard something more. And then I heard it, too, padding softly across the lawn, leisurely, as if there were no hurry.

Please turn to page 10



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That is how your skin feels — and looks — when you have used LA NOUVELLE POUDRE SIMON — marvellously fine and light. It clings in all weathers—but will not clog the pores. It comes in a big variety of basic shades — to harmonise with every colouring and type of complexion.

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[1/6 & 3/9]

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SCHOOLGIRL

MUMMY SAYS
I CAN THANK
REXONA FOR MY
NICE CLEAR SKIN,
BECAUSE SHE
STARTED ME OFF
ON REXONA WHEN
I WAS A BABY



Rexona Soap guards beauty the natural way—by keeping skin radiantly healthy. Rexona alone contains Cadyl—a special compound of medications. Its fresh, medicated lather clears away the impurities that cause most skin flaws. Your skin must show a thrilling improvement—with Rexona care!

If persistent, deep-seated skin faults do not clear up quickly with the Rexona Soap treatment, then a combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment is needed. **TREATMENT:** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts. This rapid-healing treatment leaves skin clear, radiant, unmarked.



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Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture before you go to bed. For bronchial coughs—for tough, old persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—soon feel as good as ever again. This powerful, triple-acting treatment—by far the largest selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada.

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Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

Britain rations clothing . . . but exports fashions

New regime will make dressing fine art

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

While English women are doing without new frocks under the clothes rationing scheme, English fashion houses are still feverishly busy, turning out glamorous gowns to capture dollars for Britain's war effort.

"Models created for export will provide a vast field for rationed shoppers to choose from," said Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, president of the Fashion Export Group and one of the world's smartest women. "Further, the drive for overseas markets is so intense that designers won't be left with any surplus models on their hands."

MRS. FELLOWES told me that she believes that on 66 coupons a woman of fashion can keep up a smart appearance, but like all fashion experts she agrees that the rationing scheme has brought an overnight revolution in dress for English women.

The ensemble, for instance, will disappear, as it is most expensive in coupons, while the basic all-occasions frock, economical of material, will be all-important.

Such changes cannot fail to affect styles throughout the world.

Royalty will be as hard hit as anyone in England, for though their public appearances necessitated extensive wardrobes they always gave away their clothes as new models were ordered.

The Queen still wears some of the clothes she brought back from her American tour, and now, as their Majesties always insist on sharing their subjects' hardships, she'll "make do" and renovate.

For the first time Princess Margaret will share with most of the younger sisters all over Britain the experience of "hand downs" from elder sister Elizabeth.

The Queen usually dressed her children alike, mostly in bolero suits and blouses or coats, skirts, and sweaters.

This would be the most expensive method in coupons, requiring for a child's jacket 8, a skirt 5, a blouse or sweater 3, as against 5 for a child's one-piece frock. So the Princesses' dressing is likely to be changed.

Contrary to the first belief, rationing won't make the women of England dowdy, but will elevate dressing to a fine art, and cut, quality and taste will be of prime importance.

It will also revive the feminine art of needlework, for sewing, altering, and patching will become a necessity.

Organised classes

THE Royal School of Needlework has already organised classes in mending, darning, and patching, in addition to their lessons in fine embroidery.

Many of the big stores already plan to extend their repair and renovation departments and there'll be a spate of "reconstruction orders."

Unless white weddings become taboo there's bound to be much borrowing.

We may expect reports of weddings of the future to contain some such story as "the wedding gown was loaned by the bride's aunt, and the bride is the sixth to wear it this year."

As articles of clothing are rationed irrespective of price, it is likely that the new system will strike a blow at mass production of clothes, reviving instead the "little dressmaker."

As in the days of our grandmothers, the "best dress" will be treasured while older garments will be turned and tiffed.



MRS. PHOEBE TATTON BROWN, who was released from another Government department to the Board of Trade to accompany mannequins to South America to show British fashions.

One definite change will be in stockings.

Since silk almost disappeared women have been buying hosiery, but as a pair of stockings costs two "coupons," as they are already called, bare legs will certainly become fashionable.

London couturiers, all of whom are showing summer collections this week, are confident that rationing will result in good dressing, for women will want, in the words of Norman Hartnell, "fashions which won't date and the best possible value for coupons."

Therefore, a return to the highest standards is certain, while good materials will be essential.

Paquin explained, "All the big couturiers will make up frocks from material; their coupons will be judged by yardage instead of by garment."

"Fashions will be designed to use the least possible material. I forecast pencil-skirt, and coats with short sleeves."

Hartnell foresees that the "tube frock" of superb quality and fine workmanship will come back into its own, and good tailors and cutters will be at a premium.



TO CATCH American trade British fashion exports to South America included this coat of rayon and cotton grosgrain in a champagne tint. It is stitched in black thread and has the tailored perfection for which English fashions are rightly famous.

GLOVES TO MATCH. Amber and green dog tooth check jersey is used for jacket and amber woolen for skirt of this suit. Blouse is of green crepe and gloves have backs of jersey and palms of suede.



FOR SOUTH AMERICAN LOVELIES. This dinner gown is made in an exquisite rayon that has a satin surface combined with the crispness of fine taffeta. The pattern is a soft mixture of pastels.

—Air mail photos from Mary St. Claire, London.

GLORIFYING RESULTS of New Shampoo Proved by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests

Clearly Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:

1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Makes 'perming' faster, safer.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Illustrates soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-slim." RIGHT—Illustrates Colinated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

THRILL to see your hair glorified by this revolutionary new-type shampoo—for its amazing results have been proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

Unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam Shampoo, the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo—gave these amazing results: 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother, silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves faster. 4. More "spring"—returned to more natural curl.

Not a soap, not an oil . . . but made by the exclusive patented "Colinating"

process—changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away dirt, grease and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove.

Test Colinated foam and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. (Economical, too, costs less than 4d. a shampoo). . . . Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd.



Half the hair washed with Colinated—other half with fine soap or powder shampoo.

"Perms" Take Foster In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time, under machine to take lovely waves.

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- 3 Wide Range Music (Mon. to Fri.)
- 4 "I Want a Divorce" (Mon. to Wed.)

Listen for the G.P.O. Chimes

Brief Return

Continued from page 8

JENNY, her eyes fixed on the corner of the house, moved her hands blindly towards Alice. She must have meant me to do something about Alice; I don't know what she meant.

And Hugo came round the corner of the house. He slunk quietly as a shadow along the white lawn, a big black dog, with his tail and ears down.

Jenny made some sound in her throat. Her hands gripped the arms of her chair and I think she tried to rise.

And a man walked around the corner of the house and saw us and stepped upon the terrace. The moon was white and full on his face and he was Basil Houl.

As elegant, as diabolical as he had ever been. Smiling at us with his babyish small mouth.

Nobody spoke. And Alice looked up. Looked up and still no one moved or spoke, because we simply couldn't. It was Alice who got up at last like a child in a nightmare. Her knitting dropped on the chair. She walked three fumbling steps towards Basil, her eyes enormous.

Jenny got up, too, and I shall never forget what she did. She still didn't speak and she didn't touch Alice. Instead she went to the chair Alice had left and sat down on the knitting, spreading her filmy skirts round her.

To Jenny, then, it was real: it wasn't yet to me. The unearthly, eerie quality of the moonlight added to the unreality of it; drew somehow a sharp, impassable line between life as it had been a moment before and as it was now, with this man standing before us smiling, still and diabolical and elegant in the moonlight. There was somewhere a gulf, a horrid division, and we had crossed it. For the man smiling down at us was certainly Basil Houl, and Basil Houl had been dead for a year and his ashes scattered to the winds.

It couldn't be Basil, I told myself, so, with my fingers digging into my chair, aware dimly of Alice's swaying white figure and staring eyes, not caring, or moving to support her.

But it was Basil, for he laughed softly, and nobody else in the world laughed just like that.

"Come, my sweet," he said to Alice, and took her in his arms and looked over her head at Jenny, his eyes glittering and dark and secret in the white light. Jenny's face was like marble, and she seemed unable to move. I knew she wanted to go to Alice and take her from the arms holding her, and yet was tethered and helpless in that chair and then I remembered why. And immediately the thing became real.

But I didn't know what to do; I didn't know what any of us could do. He was there, and he was alive, and when a man's alive he isn't legally dead, even if you have scattered his ashes to the four winds.

and made prayers of thanksgiving over them.

But somebody must take Alice; somebody had to take Alice and put her somewhere where she'd be safe while we—Jenny and I—faced the really dreadful thing we had wrought between us.

And then Basil, his eyes still on Jenny, in that strange secret look, kissed Alice. Kissed her deliberately and lengthily and watched Jenny. And as he lifted his head, queer, secret triumph in his face, Alice screamed.

It was rather horrible, that short, sharp scream. Perhaps he hadn't seemed real until he kissed her, and the too-well-remembered caress brought instant, poignant conviction.

He didn't like the scream. He looked down at her quickly, his soft fingers slid to her shoulders and dug into her flesh, and Alice did not struggle.

That, of course, was the trouble; she made no effort to oppose him. All Jenny had done; all Robert and I had done; all we had urged Alice to do seemed to vanish like a puff of wind when Basil kissed her.

"Darling wife, I'm afraid this has been a shock to you. Don't tremble like that, my sweet. It's only your husband come back to you."

He said it softly as a woman, and it was queer that the instant he spoke I could have killed him myself. Alice sagged like a bundle in his arms. Jenny was taut and could do nothing. I got up and Basil looked at me over Alice's sunk head and said with the soft amiability I remembered too well: "Cousin Mary! You were in the shadow. Forgive me for not seeing you. How well you are looking, my dear. Have you enjoyed your sojourn at Tenacres?"

It stopped me exactly as a hand at my throat would have stopped me. It was like Basil to remind me, instantly, of what his return meant to me and what to that moment I had not thought of and that was that Tenacres belonged once more to Basil. That it was no longer mine; that the peace and happiness I had found there were gone; that I must now go back to an old age of cruel poverty. Yes, he stopped me, still in my tracks, and my heart stopped inside me.

Basil, as always, knew exactly why I stopped. His smile had an added tenderness. He said: "I see you have enjoyed my house. Well, you must not leave us at once. You must stay on a week or two."

A week or two. Then Joe and I were to go back. Then with his rheumatism and his gnarled hands; I with my pride, and you can't eat pride.

Jenny spoke and I was jerked from my own concerns back to Alice's. For Jenny said in a chilled, stiff way:

"Take Alice, Cousin Mary. Take her to her room. Keep her there."

Please turn to page 12

BILL BOLGER DOES IT IN ONE



Holder of the N.S.W. Professional Title, Geller Bill Bolger scored an "ace" when he picked his Philips Radioplayer. Says Mr. Bolger: "If I could get 'birdies' as easily as that set gets overseas stations, I'd have the world's champions running for cover!" High praise for one of Australia's foremost champions.

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WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- If you like caraway-seed cake, perhaps you know that the seeds are
A root vegetable—the fruit of a herb—the seeds from a flowering palm.
- Gamboge is the name of a color which is
Deep brown—brilliant red—pale green—bright yellow.
- When you hear the howl of a dingo you are listening to an animal that is
A descendant of an originally tame dog gone wild—a definite breed—a crossbred fox.
- In which of these States has lead been found:
New South Wales—West Australia—Queensland—Tasmania?
- Total number of men enlisted in the British Isles during the last war was approximately
3 millions—5 millions—8 millions.
- Reading about Rutbah recently in the papers you knew quite well that it is a town in
Greece—Iraq—Iran—Greenland—Cyprus.
- Which of these popular musical comedies was composed by Romberg:
The Merry Widow—The Student Prince—The Chocolate Soldier—White Horse Inn?
- You have often quoted Shakespeare's lines, "The evil that men do lives after them," but in which of these plays do they occur:
King Lear, The Merchant of Venice—Julius Caesar—Hamlet?
- Emperor Napoleon was married twice and the name of his second wife was
Josephine—Marie Antoinette, Madame du Barry—Marie Louise.
- Sir Thomas Blamey, famous Australian soldier, received a change in his military rank recently. He now is
General Officer in Command of the A.I.F. in Malaya—Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Empire Forces in the Middle East.

Answers on page 12

Germolene BANISHES FACIAL BLEMISHES



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She likes to spend summer in Iceland

Noted woman lecturer tells about friendly, independent people

The naval battle off the coast of Iceland has brought this little island into the news again. Its occupation some time ago by British forces to forestall a Nazi invasion makes it another potential theatre of war.

Dr. Anita Muhl, American psychiatrist, now in Australia, lived in Iceland during summer months. She has nothing but praise for these hospitable people.

DR. MUHL speaks with authority, as since school days the study of Iceland has been her main hobby.

"They are the most independent bunch of humans one could meet," she says.

Since Iceland broke off relations with Denmark last year, and has been under British control, the island, which is 298 miles long and 194 miles wide, has been frequently in the news.

"But mighty few people know very much about it," said Dr. Muhl.

"The people are progressive, peaceful, polite, and poetic," she said.

"Why, there are more Icelandic names in the International 'Who's Who,' in ratio to population, than of any other country in the world.

"They prize their independence most fiercely, and while they appreciate being taken under British control they long for the day of peace again . . . but Iceland has no Army, Navy, Air Force, or any defences of its own . . .

"There are no class distinctions in Iceland. Everyone is as good as everyone else, for the simple reason that they all can trace their ancestry back for 1000 years.

"A taxi-driver might . . . and did in my hearing . . . address a Doctor of Philosophy by his Christian name.

"The Icelanders are a home-loving people, yet few women are more emancipated than the charming and beautiful women of Iceland.

"They have had a vote in the government of the country since 1906, and there is at least one woman member of Parliament.

"When the women marry they do not take their husbands' names, but retain their own. In turn the children have different names as well.

"This makes things a little confusing for the visitor, who sometimes has difficulty in deciding just who belongs to whom," said Dr. Muhl.

"To strangers the people are very hospitable and polite, but inclined to be formal.

"If they like you they will do anything under the sun for you, but if they do not . . . well, you just don't exist so far as they are concerned.

"Life is eternally busy for them, and crime is a rare thing indeed. "There are no problem children in Iceland.

They read Wodehouse

DR. ANITA MUHL, who is lecturer in psychiatry at Melbourne University, was amused to discover in Iceland that the favorite author for light reading in that country is P. G. Wodehouse.

"In Iceland I was able to get every book the English humorist has written," said Dr. Muhl. "These laughter-loving people are great readers, and the libraries of the capital are well stocked."

"It may sound fantastic, but in Reykjavik, the capital, there is the island's only gaol. If anyone offends against the law, they put him in the gaol, but give him a key to let himself in and out.

"The people are from excellent stock, and they have fine ideals.

"There is little poverty, but little great wealth.

"If a person is forced to go on the State and become a charge, he loses his vote, and I assure you there is no greater disgrace.

"The women are good natural cooks and the food they serve is simple but most appetising.

"The people have a strange dislike for chicken and much prefer fish. Patients at a hospital at Reykjavik flatly refused to eat chicken as part of their diet and demanded fish.

"They regard poultry as useful only for providing eggs.

"Education is compulsory. Every child can read, write, and do simple arithmetic before he goes to school, and there is a marvellous university in the capital city.

"Their language is not easy to learn, but they all are fine linguists, and almost everyone speaks English or German in addition to Icelandic and Danish.

"I was amused to find that their favorite light author is P. G. Wodehouse.

"Modern in outlook, the Icelanders have been quick to make use of the natural resources of heating which come from the hundreds of boiling geysers in the highly volcanic country."

Dr. Muhl described the manner in which every possible modern means of using steam heat has been adopted in Iceland.

"They have the most up-to-date hot-houses for growing fruit and tomatoes as well as flowers . . . and also are making most interesting experiments in their dairies," she said.

"There are magnificent hospitals in Iceland, and medical science is most advanced.

"For the population of 120,000 there are 52 public health physicians maintained by the State. In recent years they have eradicated leprosy, and the general health of the nation is very good.

"Just another speck on the map to most people, Iceland has its part to play in this war, as unprotected, it could have provided air bases for Germany.

"An Icelanders who is a farmer may be a poet and a politician, but his main creed is to live peaceably with his neighbors, national and international.

"The world has few countries that are more fascinating both in ancient and modern history," said Dr. Muhl, who recently formed an Iceland Society in Melbourne.



BRITISH TOMMY makes friends with children at an Icelandic port. British troops took over control in Iceland early last year.

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I PUT my hand on Alice's arm. Basil laughed again. "Leave Alice where she is. Where could she be happier than in her husband's arms? Isn't that right, Alice? Tell me—speak to me! you've had no word of welcome. Are you glad I'm home?" He held her then at arm's length and turned her so that moonlight fell white on her face.

Alice didn't speak. Jenny and I, helpless, were forced to watch while he scrutinised her face; all her content, all her complacency had sagged, too, in the strangest way; her face was a dead white, with great eyes which held abject terror. His soft fingers touched her chin and stroked her cheek and Alice did not even wince away from their touch. "Your face is rounder. Your hair is different. H'm—yes, it's becoming. And this frock—lovely, my dear, really lovely. Somebody," said Basil sweetly, "has taught you how to dress."

Jenny made a motion and stifled it. Basil went on slowly: "How have you occupied your time while I've been gone? Has Jenny stayed with you? How fortunate you are to have so loving a sister. We won't trespass upon her time any longer—unless, of course, Jenny wants to live with us. But do speak to me, Alice. Tell me how happy you are to have your husband home and in your arms again."

Somebody must tell him. Somebody had to tell him at once; immediately.

But before either Jenny or I could speak Basil found out for himself. For he had taken Alice's hand, her left hand, and lifted it. "My wife," he said, "still wearing my wedding ring—a very Penelope for faithfulness!" and stopped and looked at the ring Alice actually wore.

Brief Return

Continued from page 10

"Basil, I must talk to you alone. Let Alice go," cried Jenny harshly, but Basil didn't listen. Instead he held Alice's flabby hand up so the moonlight fell full upon it and looked at the ring.

"But it isn't my ring," he said. "Basil," I cried. "Let me tell you. You must let me explain. We thought you were dead. We—"

"Who is the man?" "You were dead. Everybody thought—"

"Who is the man?"

"Robert Blake," said Jenny.

"When?"

"You mean—"

"I mean, when did this absurd pretence at marriage take place? For I suppose there was some kind of ceremony."

"In March," said Jenny. "The first of March."

"March. So—eight months after you supposed your husband dead you take another."

"There was no reason to wait," said Jenny. "No reason—"

"None at all," said Basil. "Except I wasn't dead." And suddenly, without any warning at all, he began to laugh. Softly, and with mirth that was as real as it was malicious. It was as if he hadn't expected this extra fillip to his homecoming and the prospect it offered for exercising his own peculiar talent for cruelty gave him pleasure. Usually he was more subtle; perhaps his frankness was due to the fact that we were victims. It didn't matter what we thought or how much we saw.

"Robert Blake, of all people," he said at last. "Quiet, easy-going Robert. I knew he was a little sweet on you, my dear, from the way he treated me as if I were smallpox—"

and yet looked guilty. But I didn't know he was so passionately in love that he would scarcely wait until my ashes had cooled. Snatching a widow eight months after she became a widow! It's considered decent to wait a year. That's merely custom. Where is Robert? Is he here? There'll be no time or place for him now." He held Alice then, as nerveless as a sack, close to him, and again kissed her.

And Alice did at last what it would have been a help to all of us if she had done before. She fainted quietly and untidily, sinking down in a heap of white chiffon. Jenny started to her feet and stopped. I tried to take Alice from Basil's arms. But he held her, and gathered her up in his arms as firmly as you could gather so sliding and limp a weight.

"I'll take her," he said. "Hold the door open, Mary."

I did so, helplessly. In spite of his tall and very graceful appearance, he wasn't at all muscular. But he had undertaken to carry her, as it gave the right touch of hearty masculinity with which to end the interview, and he did manage it. I felt a grim satisfaction in seeing his look of strain as he started unsteadily up the stairway. I rang the bell. There was no use in following him and offering to help with Alice. He wouldn't let me.

Luckily one of the maids answered the bell and not Joe; I couldn't have told Joe just then. It was a new maid; all the staff at Tenacres was new. I hadn't wanted to keep on any of Basil's sullen, browbeaten servants—all of them trained under Basil to lie. I didn't tell her who Basil was or anything but to go to Mrs. Blake. I said Mrs. Blake. But Alice wasn't Mrs. Blake at all, then; she was still Alice Hoult.

After I sent the maid upstairs I stood for a moment, trying to assemble my somewhat scattered wits. Nothing in that pleasant room had changed. The night outside those long windows was still warm and quiet and flooded with white moonlight.

Yet Basil Hoult had appeared out of it; with no explanations, and very much alive.

I went back to the terrace quickly and found Jenny stuffing the little white bunch of knitting under the hedge and out of sight. Somehow it looked now pathetic and tragic, that little white scrap where before it had been the reason why we must all be specially kind to Alice.

Jenny pulled a mask of green leaves over the white yarn, her slim hands working savagely and swiftly. She jerked round to give me a look and rose and started across the terrace towards the drawing-room doors.

"Jenny—Jenny—"

I don't know why I pleaded with her. The door closed behind us, the drawing-room was lighted—gracious with old mahogany and soft chintz, and thin, old rugs. I was shocked at the change in Jenny's face. It had neither youth nor beauty. There

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WEDNESDAY, June 11.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, June 12.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, June 13.—Musical Alphabet.

SATURDAY, June 14.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, June 15.—June Marsden—Special Astrology Session.

MONDAY, June 16.—With the A.L.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, June 17.—June Marsden Special—Delineating the Characteristics of "Cuspers."

was no candle glowing in her eyes now; there was no softness to her lips. It was just a white, stiff mask of hatred. Hatred is the only word for it, unless I qualify it by saying there was fear there, too.

I thought then the fear was altogether for Alice and Alice's child. But I was wrong.

"Where is he?" she demanded.

"Upstairs with her."

"Alone?"

"No. I sent Mabel up."

"He'll be down, then," she declared. "He'll want to know all about it. Alice can't talk. She's numb with shock; that's one good thing."

"Jenny, what are you going to do?" I asked her, feeling suddenly apprehensive.

"There's only one thing to do."

"Divorce?"

"Yes, of course."

"But Basil—"

"No, he won't consent to it," she agreed. "But I think—I'm not sure—but I think she can sue on grounds of desertion."

"If not that, cruelty?"

"No. She won't sue on that ground; I tried to get her to do that long ago. She won't. Besides, it would be very difficult to prove; he doesn't beat her. She's afraid of him. She has no spirit, no will of her own when he comes near her."

"But after all these months, Jenny, she's stronger," I protested. "That former inertia must have been pathological. Besides, there's Robert; she must be in love with him."

"Not so much in love with Robert as she is afraid of Basil."

"Jenny—"

"Listen to me, Cousin Mary. Alice can't fight Basil. She cannot do it. You may as well accept that as a fact."

"But I can't accept it, Jenny dear. I've lived too long. When people want something, they take it. Alice wants Robert."

"Alice," said Jenny, "has no courage. I know that. Perhaps she never had much. And what courage she had Basil beat down and stamped out and utterly, completely killed."

"No human being can do that to another," I began, but Jenny said clinchingly: "You saw her."

And, of course, I had. It had been so abject and instantaneous a surrender, I couldn't have believed it had I not seen it. But there was one more lever.

"You've forgotten her child—" Jenny whirled upon me at that, her eyes like lightning. "Hush—he'll hear you. That's the thing I haven't forgotten."

Please turn to page 14

LUCKY FOR YOU MUM, THE WHOLE FAMILY LOVES KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, BECAUSE A SINGLE HELPING IS A BREAKFAST IN ITSELF!



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- 5—Five millions (exact number, 4,970,962).
- 6—Iraq.
- 7—The Student Prince.
- 8—Julius Caesar.
- 9—Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I, Emperor of Austria.
- 10—Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Empire Forces in the Middle East.

Questions on page 10



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MAJOR-GENERAL L. J. MORSHEAD, who has the all-important job of commanding the A.I.F. and other Empire forces besieged for two months at Tobruk, vital point in Mediterranean grand strategy. Major-General Morshead left his job of shipping company management when this war broke out as promptly as he

Defender of Tobruk

left his job of teaching at The Armidale School (N.S.W.) in 1914. During the last war he was awarded the D.S.O. and the C.M.G., was at one stage the youngest colonel in the first A.I.F. Twice wounded in France, he was six times mentioned in despatches.

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It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, redness and inflammatory skin troubles.

Moore's Emerald Oil is a prescription that has been successfully used for over twenty years. All chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BACKACHE

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Kidney Trouble

—now feels
"as fit as a fiddle"

Mr. J. C. tried every known remedy for backache and kidney trouble, but found no relief until he gave De Witt's Pills a fair trial. He writes:

"Being a sufferer for years from backache and kidney trouble and having tried every known remedy and failing to get relief, I decided to give De Witt's Pills a fair trial. After a small bottle I felt an improvement, so continued to take them. The shooting pain in the small of my back disappeared and I felt like a new man."

I am not young, but I must say I now feel as fit as the proverbial fiddle. Previously I could not stoop to do my work, and to straighten myself was impossible. I advise all sufferers from backache and kidney trouble to give De Witt's Pills a fair trial." Mr. J. C.

Backache is often a sign that kidneys have become weak or sluggish. Instead of filtering poisons out of the system, in a normal healthy way, they

SHE stopped and listened, motionless, for sounds overhead or on the stairway. Only that afternoon I had thought how young and lovely she looked; now she was white and hard and purposeful.

"He'll be coming down in a moment. He can't question Alice and he'll be curious as a cat about what's happened and about Robert. I'll ask him to let her divorce him; I'll appeal to what he calls his better nature." She said that bitterly, but went swiftly on. "He won't consent. Then I'll—temporarily, I suppose. Tell him he must be patient and understanding."

"Tell Basil that!"

"To-morrow I'll see a lawyer; if she can really sue for a divorce on desertion I'll get her away from here somehow. You'll help me—"

Heaven help us, I said yes. Not saying: We have no money. None of us, you or me or Alice, has money. Not now, with Basil claiming, as he would, the money and property that belonged to him.

But Robert ought to have enough money for that. And Robert ought to come and defend his own. Only it wasn't his own.

"Yes, I'll help you," I said, not knowing how. And we heard Basil coming downstairs—leisurely, humming a little in a pleased way.

Jenny turned to face the hall.

"You'd better leave me alone with him," she said.

That was how it happened that I didn't hear all of that important conversation she had with Basil. But I did hear part of it. For by that time Jenny was primed and on the offensive. She had hidden the scrap of knitting and it was safe—safe, that is, so long as Jenny could keep Basil from wringing the truth out of Alice.

It's funny in a queer way, but I suppose Jenny was all but praying for Alice's continued insensibility; I'm sure I was.

We both watched, Jenny straight and still in her soft summer gown, the powder-blue chiffon contrasting delicately with her gently tanned bare shoulders and arms.

Basil came down the stairs; he paused to touch the mahogany newel post with his hand; in the full light I had a better chance to observe him. Tall, apparently well built if you didn't know how flabby he was under his too-well tailored grey tweeds, he was not, at first look, unattractive.

His face was arresting in a film-star way; his mouth delicate and small, and remarkably selfish, if you looked closely, which as a rule people did not do, being taken in by its easy trick of smiling—blandly, disingenuously. Boyishly. His eyes were soft brown and heavy with white showing below the iris.

Yet he wasn't in any sense a case

for a psychiatrist; he was simply and exactly what his nature made him—or what he made of his nature. A man with plenty of money, with in the main a fairly good heritage; with excellent health.

He paused to take out a cigarette case and withdraw and light the kind of cigarette he smoked; I don't know the brand, but they were slightly and sickeningly perfumed, and he had them made for him with his initials in gold upon each one. His pause gave Jenny her chance to speak first.

"Basil, where have you been? Why didn't you tell us you were alive? Why didn't you come home?"

He took a long breath of smoke and a faint odor of scent drifted across the room. The windows and french doors were already open upon the moonlit night; there was no breath of air stirring anyway.

"Does that matter, Jenny? I'm home again."

"Of course, it matters. If you had any regard for your wife or your—your friends you would have let us know. You would have come home before this. Where were you?"

He lifted his eyebrows and went over to a chair and paused in the act of sitting to look at us.

"Won't you sit down? I'm very tired—"

"Where were you?"

He made a little resigned shrug as if our disagreeable refusal to sit and thus permit him to sit was inexcusable discourtesy. However, he sat down and stretched out his legs—which ended somewhat surprisingly in rather fat ankles.

"I'm sorry you won't sit down and talk this over in comfort. There's no need for all this melodrama. I was not killed. I have come home. I am here. That's all we need to consider. About this affair of Alice's, however—Well, really, Jenny—"

There was danger in Jenny's eyes. She crossed nearer to him, however, swiftly and sat down on the edge of a chair opposite him. He paid no attention to me whatever; I might have been a chair myself.

Jenny leaned forward, looking her hands round her knee—so they wouldn't tremble, I suppose, and betray her. She must keep cool, I could almost see her reminding herself of it.

"You've got to explain your absence, Basil. Everybody thought you were dead. There was actually—"

Jenny's voice choked a little—"a funeral."

Basil looked startled and tried to cover it.

"Was there indeed? Where? Who arranged it?"

"I did it," I said, wishing I had more perfectly succeeded.

Basil looked at me then, in his superstitious soul not quite liking the idea of that funeral.

"Do tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell," I said slowly. "They wired that the plane had crashed in the mountains. It was some weeks before they recovered the bodies. Or recovered, at least, what they could discover of the bodies. Yours and the pilot's. When they did at last find the wreckage, I went out there. They gave me—as much as they could find. Ashes, of course; the undertaker had wired about it." It seemed to me Basil looked a little pale, so I dwelt on it, giving him details; I suppose it is a little unnerving to hear details of your own funeral.

"He said that the bodies had been smashed in the general wreckage and then burned, when the plane caught fire, beyond what he called complete assembly."

It was a grisly term; I explained: "Nobody could discover any distinguishing marks about the residue and owing to the plane burning there was very little residue. I gathered that they simply cremated what was available, divided the ashes and labelled one jar for you and one for the pilot. We agreed, of course; there was some sort of funeral out there and I took the vase of ashes and disposed of them. They had the funeral for the pilot at the same time."

Basil's eyes flickered.

"Ah, yes. It's too bad there was only one parachute. We were right over the mountains and there were clouds. Not a chance for a good landing. So I took the parachute and went over the side, of course. I was the only passenger."

And the only one left to tell the story, I thought, so we'll never know the truth.

"What about the pilot?"

"Oh, he was only a commercial pilot—"

Brief Return

Continued from page 12

hands waved negligently. Jenny's mouth tightened but she stuck to the point.

"You must have known they were searching for you. You must have known—"

He sat up.

"Jenny! And you, Cousin Mary! Please do me the kindness of listening. There's something you are forgetting. It's my right to ask questions. I am under obligation to explain nothing in the world to you."

"I intend to ask questions, just the same," said Jenny. "There are explanations you must make, Basil. Not only to us. There are questions everybody will ask. Where have you been? Why didn't you tell us? Where have you come from? You can't just drop out of the sky like this. What have you been doing?"

"I'll answer them in my own time. Where's Robert Blake?"

Jenny bit her lip and didn't answer.

"Hurry, my dear. Answer me. Where is he?"

Jenny decided to answer. I suppose she knew it must come sometime.

"He's in America."

"America? Dear me... Oh, you must pardon me if I seem somewhat put out," he added.

"A man comes home from an absence—a long absence, it's true, but only an absence—expecting to find his wife loving and true, his home intact. Instead he finds—what? His wife—I won't say married, because it isn't true—to another man. His home in the possession of an interloper. His bank account—"

"I've spent nothing that wasn't necessary." I blazed in spite of myself, which only goes to show how fatally and immediately Basil had managed to put himself in the right, and as in the wrong.

Jenny was cooler. She said tersely: "This house came to Cousin Mary by your own will."

"After, you mean, Alice had given it up as well as the money I provided for her care, in order to go to the arms of another man. And a man who was doubtless making love to her before my—journey."

"That's not true, Basil, and you know it. I won't even defend what you know is the truth."

"Would a jury recognise your statement as the truth?" asked Basil softly, looking at his cigarette.

That caught Jenny unprepared. She said stiffly and slowly: "What exactly do you mean? Are you going to divorce her?"

Animal Antics



"Sure he gets lots of speed, but just ask him what kind of mileage he's getting!"

He smiled boyishly and crushed out his cigarette. Then he looked at Jenny.

"I'm not sure. I can divorce her, of course. Infidelity is grounds for a divorce. Where have they been? Here or—in America?"

Jenny didn't answer. I don't think she heard his questions. He said: "Jenny, my dear, how easy it is to see through you! You are trying to put me in the wrong. Well, you've failed, for as a matter of fact I've treated you all extremely well. You have all profited considerably by my absence and by my generosity. Cousin Mary has had a good, even to her luxurious, home for a year. As well as free dipping into a sizable bank account. You, Jenny, have had the same comfort and ease—pretty clothes, anything you wanted to buy—that I've given you ever since I married your sister."

"I asked for noth—" flamed Jenny but he stopped her.

"You've had everything you wanted. A good school. All the luxuries a girl enjoys. I've been very generous. And Alice—" he paused and smiled—"Alice has had eight months with a man she seems to have been in love with for some time. And now," said Basil, leaning back in the deep chair and putting the soft tips of his fingers together, "now you intend to throw yourself upon my generosity, and ask me to give Alice a divorce. Well, I don't intend to do that; there's no use asking. There is only one inducement—"

To be continued

It might have been serious...

"Why will people leave broken glass about? My heart turned over when I saw that nasty cut on Tommy's foot. My first thought was to protect it from infection. That's why I was so glad we had a bottle of 'Dettol' in the house."



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 "Is she blonde or brunette?"
 "He's bald."



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RECRUIT: Why soldiers aren't afraid to die, sarge.



"Can you paint a good portrait of my wife?"
 "Can I? I'll make it so lifelike you'll jump every time you see it."



MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead
 "Nancy, we're not getting anywhere; suppose you take ten swings, then I'll take ten."

Ashamed TO CALL HIM MY SON!



JOHN: Bill, lift up your feet when you walk! Straighten your shoulders! I won't have you dragging around like this!

ELLEN: Darling, please don't pick at him so much. He's really not well.



JOHN: The kid's bone lazy! Sometimes I feel ashamed to call him my son...

ELLEN: John, I know you don't mean that. The trouble is he's so highly strung and nervous—looks so thin and pale. We'd better take him to the doctor.



DOCTOR: Mrs. Lewis, young Bill's troubles are really due to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down. It's Night-Starvation. So give him Horlicks.



JOHN: Look at that! I'm proud of him Ellen! The kid's a "trick" alright!

ELLEN: Hasn't Horlicks made a world of difference to him?

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"LOOK here, my man," said the sergeant to the recruit, "are you willing to die for your country?"
 The recruit opened his eyes with astonishment. "No, sir," he replied. "I'm joining up to make a German die for him!"

POLICEMAN (to motorist): You can't stop here!
Motorist: I can't, eh! You don't know this car!

SHE: I suppose you never thought seriously of marrying?
HE: I did. That's why I didn't.

FIRST DOCTOR: I operated on him for appendicitis.
Second Doctor: Really! What was the matter with him?

"Do you know who I am?" shouted the irate general to the Australian who had neglected to salute. "Do you know who I am?" he persisted, as the soldier looked blankly at him.

"Here, boys," said the Australian turning to his friends. "Here's something good. A general who doesn't know his own name."

"WHEN I was your age, my boy, I thought nothing of a ten-mile walk."
 "Well, Dad, I don't think much of it, either."

An Editorial

JUNE 14, 1941

THE COURAGE THAT COUNTS



MR. MENZIES, back from England, has warned us that we may not yet have come to the darkest hour, despite the terrible reverses in Crete and Greece.

If there are worse times ahead we must be ready for them.

We must find in ourselves the strength and resolution that look beyond to-day's sorrow and defeat to tomorrow's victory.

Our men need planes and tanks.

We at home need courage to hang on . . . and on . . . and on.

The lesson of our long history is that our great asset is British tenacity, the peculiar tough fighting spirit that is at its best when the odds are against it.

That spirit stands to-day between Hitler and world domination.

It is the basis on which we are building the British war machine that will finally defeat the evil that is Nazism.

Each of us contributes something to that spirit. While we keep it strong we are invincible.

The gloom over Crete was lit for us by stories of the superb bravery and the unquenchable spirit of the men who fought there.

But we must tend our own spiritual fires at home, too.

If we lose faith in such an hour, if we lose courage for the waiting, and heart for the fight, then we are indeed defeated.

All of us are asking what we can do to help win this war. Here is one job for all—and not an easy one.

It is to endure adversity patiently while working actively for victory.

In the good old British vernacular, "It's dogged as does it."

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

VIVID descriptions of the Greek campaign and the evacuation are highlights of this week's batch of letters.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts of letters from soldiers, sailors, or airmen.

Other mothers, wives, and sweethearts will be interested to read them.

A minimum payment of 5/- will be made for each extract published.

Driver T. A. Crosbie, of Henty (N.S.W.), who was in Greece, to friends in Sydney:

"WELL, my brother Charlie and I are both out of Greece, by a lot of good luck, and thanks to the Navy.

"It now seems too calm to be true, after the gruelling we had over there—war at its worst, savage and bitter.

"I shall never forget the last few days that we spent in Greece, waiting for the Hun to come along.

"We had orders to hold them at all costs—30 Australians and a few New Zealanders. The last afternoon we could see the shells bursting just a mile up the road.

"It looked as if we would certainly be inside looking out or pushing out daisies.

"We had been told that we must hold out till next night—when suddenly orders came along. 'Grab your stuff and get.'

"We didn't need any urging . . . not a voice could be heard, just a few whispered orders, and we jumped on to trucks.

"We had orders to go through Athens. This looked far from bright, but, anyway, we went out one way and the Hun came in the other.

"Then we had to dump our truck and march to the sea a few miles away.

"The only sound was the tread of our weary feet. We were all tired out through lack of sleep and no tea for a couple of days. We had not been able to light a fire in case the smoke gave away the hiding place where we had intended to surprise the Hun if he came along.

"As soon as we hit the beach the Navy took hold of the situation and what a wonderful job they did. We were put on barges and towed out to the ships, and then—there were only ladders hung over the side.

"One look at them and I thought I would never get up, especially as there was a big swell running.

"Next morning you never saw such a sight! Men lying all over the deck just where they had dropped the night before.

"The old Hun chased us well out to sea. If anyone says he does not mind being bombed at sea he has never experienced it.

"Maybe we have left quite a number of our best coppers over there, but there must come a day when we will be able to repay the debt, and maybe it won't be long."

Corporal Ken Markey, who was in Greece, to his wife at 16 Wigram St., Harris Park, N.S.W.:

"BEFORE the fighting started in Greece we were in a district where the people were so poor that money was of no value to them. When we wanted to buy eggs or other food, all they wanted in return was clothing or boots.

"One day some peasants came to us carrying pots and bundles of straw, etc. They made us a real bonnie dog-out. Of course, we couldn't understand their language, but after much waving of hands we gathered that, as we were fighting for them, they were trying to keep us warm. The only thing they had to offer us was work."

Winnie the War Winner



"You said you were short of tanks, General!"

Corporal John Eley in the Middle East to his mother in Port Melbourne, Vic.:

"WE set out from one port in a small ship and ran into a terrible storm. For three days and nights we tossed about like a cork. The boys were all down in the hold and had a terrible time. We were thrown from one side of the ship to the other and were up to our armpits in water.

"All the furniture and fittings were wrenched off and smashed to pieces. The waves came right over the ship, reaching the top of the funnel. The fresh water supply was ruined and everyone was very sick.

"We finished up on the rocks at night about two hundred yards from shore.

"When it was daylight a lifeboat was lowered, and got ashore. Lines were then fastened to the lifeboat and by working the lines both from the ship and the shore everyone was safely landed. It was a great bit of work.

"Most of the chaps set out over the sands to walk 15 miles to a British camp.

"I was left behind to help look after the sick and injured. We slept on the beach and nearly froze to death. Next morning six of us, with one of our officers, got a raft going and boarded the ship. The sea was much calmer, and we managed to land a lot of food and goods, although our clothes were ruined.

"Later in the day the sick men were taken away by some Polish troops.

"I went to the British camp and was then included in a small advance party being taken by a colonel towards the front to take over a hospital. We arrived without mishap."

Private A. W. D. Peasley to his mother, Mrs. A. Peasley, Holt Road, Taren Point, Sydney:

"OUR first camp in Greece was at Daphne, near Athens, but life there was too good to be true, and we went by train to Larissa.

"From there we went up the mountains towards the Bulgarian border. It was plenty cold. I had on two balaclavas and all the clothes I could put on.

"Here I saw snow for the first time. It looked good, but once you get wet from the snow it's too hard to get dry.

"From then on we had a pretty hard time, climbing mountains, with donkeys to carry the heaviest stuff. Even some of the donkeys cracked up.

"From that time until we left Greece we had to keep under cover in the day because of the aeroplanes. There were hundreds of them, nothing to see 35 or 40 in one bunch. For all that they did little damage. It was Hitler's war of nerves. Only for his planes and tanks we could have gone through his infantry like paper.

"It has been pretty well proved that the Germans are dragged before fighting. When they come face to face with the bayonet they suddenly wake up and turn the other way.

"It was nice to watch the dive-bombers from a distance. They circle round, and when they sight something dive straight down one after the other with the screamers on their wings making the devil of a noise. Just before they pull out they drop their eggs, usually about four small bombs and one big one.

"I reckon I was lucky when five landed all around me, only about 20 yards away. They sounded as if they were right on top of me, and I was covered in dirt."

Driver Ratcliffe, who was in Greece, to his mother, Mrs. L. Ratcliffe, 12 Neville Street, Mentone, Vic.:

"IN between Larissa and Lamia is a 12-mile flat known as 'Death Valley' and rightly named, as Jerry bombed and machine-gunned it daily.

"I had everything going O.K. when all of a sudden Ron saw some dive-bombers coming in the distance. We left the truck and bolted for the paddock. Just as well we did, too, because they machine-gunned our truck. We found 200 bullet holes when we returned.

"The next day we were at Larissa when a bomb landed in a creek 100 yards behind the truck, and the blast of the explosion blew us off the road, down a 12ft. bank into a creek.

"We rescued an old lady out of a burning building, and a Tommy Major took our names and all particulars and told us we would hear from Army Headquarters, but up to date nothing has come of it.

"I am crooked on one thing, as a lousy, greasy Hun of Hitler's crack regiment took my watch.

"Ron and I were taken prisoner at Thebes, and as the Hun was taking the watch and examining it we threw a stone at him and his mate, and rolled down a gully.

"We got away, to rejoin our unit in time to pick up our truck again and travel to Southern Greece. After bringing it through all the hell we tipped it over a 200ft. cliff into the sea before we boarded a ship and got safely away."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



PRIVATE WILLIE chaperons the Sergeant's girl

A good turn that deserved another, but only earned a "smack on the kisser"

Dear Mother,—As you will see I am still a private. I really thought I should have a dog's leg on my sleeve by now, but I ain't on account of Sargent Turvey having to go on guard for barrax night.

As praps you wouldn't know, all the batts stationed in the camp have to take it in turns to stay home one night a week so that there is always a full batt on duty in case of invasion by parachute or some other lark. Well it was our turn to be confined to barrax last night.

ALTHOUGH we can't get out to meet our best girls, the kernel allows us to invite them to see us on barrax nights. This is praps on account of the kernel being a lord in private life, they tell me the aristocracy is always at home one night a week.

There is generally a sing song, but most of the fellows give this a miss. Course I invited Joan to look me up as I wanted to show her the scenery by moonlight if any but it so happened she had a prior engagement so I was left on my own.

Sargent Turvey had also invited his best girl but unfortunately for him he had to take over the job of sargent of the guard at a moment's notice.

So when Sargent Turvey's best girl arrives at the gate all he can say is how-do because she can't be allowed in the guard room even if it is barrax night and he can't leave his post (there ain't really a post its menagerie like the North Pole) so he sends the girl along to his hut

and all she can do is set on the bed and twiddle her thumbs.

Then he sends a message for me to go to the guard room. Look here Clark, he says confidential, you're not doing anything special to-night are you? No, I responds, my girl is having her music lesson.

That's what you think, he grins, however I know you for a feller I can trust, what about you looking after my lady friend for me.

Well I ain't no Don Quickcoats but I didn't quite see why he should think I wasn't. How do you know you can trust me, I says, seems to me the point is can you trust your lady friend?

Well as a matter of fact I can't, he admits, between you, me, and the sentry post, she's a rare bit of a girl, that's why I picked you. I'm afraid one of the other sargents may go barging into my hut to borrow something . . . see what I mean.

Well of course a feller could take that two ways but though I ain't no oil painting I got personally so I knew he couldn't be knocking me. O.K. sarge, I says, be glad to do you a favor.



Dear Mother

Being the letters home of a soldier son.

By DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

So off I goes to the sargent's hut and sets on the bed by his lady friend. Blime, she wasn't half a bit of all right, too. Can't imagine why she wants to waste her time with Turvey, even if he has got three stripes and is entitled to drink his beer in a mess.

While I am on my way to the sargent's hut, I mention to a couple of fellers that I have clicked the job of being squire to the sargent's dame, but aparently this only makes em jealous, and they put their heads together to hatch up a conspiracy. Course I didn't know anything about it till afterwards.

They was pretty clever about it, too, the dirty dogs. What happened as far as I can put the pieces together is this, the first bloke strolls up to the guard room and says, hey sarge, did you know Private Clark has taken his girl into your hut. That's all right, replies Sargent Turvey, it's my girl, Clark's looking after her for me. Oh sorry, says the bloke, I made sure it was his girl.

Simple sort of remark when you put it down on paper but aparently he says it in a leery kind of way that gives the sargent something to think about.

Smouldering fire

ANYWAY, they leave poor old Turvey to chew it over for about twenty minutes, then another bloke wanders along to the guard room. Hey sarge, he says, do you know that Clark's using your hut as a private harem.

Whaddya mean, asks Sargent Turvey. Well, says the bloke, I was passing there just now and I heard voices so knowing you was on guard duty I take a peep and there's young Clark cuddling a peachero.

That's my girl, yells Turvey, you tell Clark from me I'll cut his liver out with a blunt bayonet if he don't lay off.

They lets several blokes into the swindle and one after another they wander up to the guard room dropping hints until the sargent is nigh foaming at the gills.

He sends em back with messages threatening what he's going to do to me when he comes off duty but, of course, the blokes never come near me they just go for a stroll and then back to the guard room and say, it ain't no good sarge, Clark says he knows when he's met a nice girl and tell the sargent to go fry his feet and paddie in the fat.

Well of course come ten pips emma when it's time for the ladies to go I escort the girl to the gate knowing nothing about all this and by this time Sargent Turvey is pretty near homicidal.

First thing I know is that he fetches me a smack on the kisser that knocks me flat on my back. Then the guard turns out and holds him back but that don't stop him addressing a few choice remarks to his lady friend.

She puts her nose in the air and says, if you think I've been carrying on with that sheep-faced dumbell, you've got another think coming, don't bother to write.

Well of course it all comes out in

the wash that Sargent Turvey has been had on a bit of string and he is the laughing stock of the batt in addition to which he has lost his best girl which is not always such a blow as some women think but this one had got a private income of thirty bob a week which she didn't mind spending on fags for her soldier hero.

It's a funny thing you know about the British Army but it is a crime for a N.C.O. to strike a private. Course I always knew it was a crime for a private to strike a N.C.O. you can understand that, but I never knew it worked both ways.

Well I ain't vindictive and I wouldn't split on him but the clout he gave me was witnessed by about 20 soldiers and their girls so it looks as though Sargent Turvey will be

court-martialled (I bet they won't make me the beak). So it don't look as though I shall get my stripe after all.

You will be glad to hear that I am keeping all right in myself although just at the moment my jaw feels as though it has been kicked by a dray-horse. However, I must close now, hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present.

Your loving son,

Willie

Another letter from Private Willie next week.

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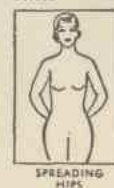
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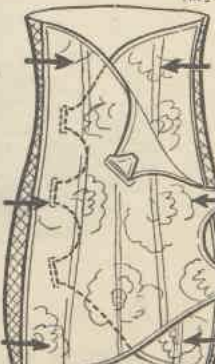
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Edited by Mrs. Mary Holiday

(the famous English washing authority)
AND A STAFF OF EXPERTS



As part of a policy of service to their many friends, the makers of Persil present this page for your interest and entertainment. They also cordially invite you to write to the editors, Mrs. Holiday, P.O. Box 7734, Melbourne, if you have any problem connected with washing, she will reply personally by mail or through this page.

A FORTNIGHTLY FEATURE

Over the garden fence

Mary Holiday
on the spot



"DEAR MRS. HOLIDAY, how would you suggest I remove a stain left by fish slime on my husband's blue jersey?" So began one of my letters the other morning... I wish I had space to tell you about some of the teasers I get in my mail—especially about removing stains, but I'm afraid my remarks to-day must be more general. One basic rule which people often forget when dealing with stains (probably because it is so very elementary) is that many can be removed by plain tepid water, and—except in the case of grease spots—it's always advisable to try that first. Marks left by beer, tea and liquids which themselves contain water, often come out this way. Most table and food stains, for instance, can be removed easily and completely in the wash by simply using the correct amount of Persil—I heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water. (Even obstinate, worn-in stains of some months'

standing will usually wash out if you first loosen them with glycerine.) But, for those marks that water will not move, you'll have to use a chemical treatment. Many people are a little nervous of doing this, but there's absolutely no need to be apprehensive provided you observe a few simple rules.

Grease needs a Solvent.

Grease marks usually need a spirit solvent to remove them completely, unless they're on material which you can boil. Here are two of the best: **Carbon Tetrachloride**—safe to use on practically all fabrics and obtainable from all chemists at about 6d. an ounce bottle. **Pure Eucalyptus**—particularly good for removing marks from schoolgirls' serge tunics. You can get it from any store, 1½ ozs. for 7d. or a little more.

Some stains require bleaching.

Some time or other you'll probably also have occasion to use a bleaching chemical—to remove an ink or grass stain, for instance. The most useful are: Oxalic Acid, Salts of Lemon, Chloride of Lime, Ammonia, and Hydrogen Peroxide—but don't please use any of these on a coloured fabric unless you've first proved that the chemical can't harm the colour.

No matter what your stain or what you decide to remove it with, here are half a dozen golden rules:

1. Bad stains are more easy to remove if you tackle them as soon as possible after they occur. Several mild treatments are better than one drastic one.
2. Always try out your stain remover (even if it's only water) on an inconspicuous part of the fabric to see the effect on both colour and material.
3. When treating a stain, place the fabric over an absorbent pad (a folded towel or white blotting paper). Move the pad as soon as it becomes soiled. Change your sponging cloth now and again, as that, too, becomes discoloured and soiled with the stain.
4. Treat all stains first on the wrong side, then finish off on the right side. Take care not to roughen the surface of the fabric. (Unless, of course, the stains are "built up" on the surface—tar, candle-grease, butter, etc. They should first be scraped with a blunt knife, then the stain treated with a solvent.)
5. Start from just beyond the outside edge of the stain and work towards the centre. Don't make the area too damp, or the stain will spread unduly.
6. After stain is removed, go over the dampened area dabbing hard, particularly round the outer edge, with a dry cloth formed into a pad. This process (known as "feathering off") prevents a water or spirit mark forming.

More readers win 5/-

Have you won 5/- yet for your washday hint? Write it down and post to Mrs. Holiday to-day. Here are this week's prize-winners.

Miss E. Collins, To avoid 125 Cardigan St., missing extra Carlton, Vic. dirty marks or stains when washing dark clothes, run a thread of white cotton around the soiled spots, then wash in the usual way.

Mrs. F. Marsh, In my wash I Vesta Street, have about 4 or Sutherland, 5 dozen hankies N.S.W. a week. I buy large rustless safety pins and sort them in this way—children's, ladies', men's; 3 in each pin together. I boil, rinse, blue, and when it comes to the line, I just open the pin and pin them on the line. When dry I iron them in order, so you see I have only one sorting out to do and no pegs are required.

Mrs. Haynes, Starched linen should never be Lesmurdie, Kalamunda, W.A. packed and stored away. Wash it thoroughly and rinse in clear water. When dry, fold away, rough dry, in blue tissue paper, and it will keep its whiteness.

PERVERSE PERCY



Mrs. Holiday asked Percy to illustrate "Getting out all the marks." This is what he did.

ADVERTISEMENT



UNDIE TROUBLE



Are You a Shoulder-strap Hitcher?

Then you know how quickly those straps wear out. End it once and for all! Cut a narrow piece of tape two inches long. Stitch one end to the shoulder seam inside your frock. Sew the eye of a press stud to the other end so

that when the tape is passed under your shoulder straps it will fit into the second half of the stud, which should be sewn to your dress.

Does Your Applied Lace Look Old Before Its Time?

Then try this next time you make new undies: Place a double piece of silk net between lace and material before you start to appliqué. When finished, cut away the net edges to shape of design. This will stop the lace threads breaking away.

Are Your Hand-knit Singlets Always Going at the Heels?

Mend them like this and it won't happen again: Cut the unraveled hem level and bind with ribbon to match your shoulder straps. But stretch the wool as you sew to be sure it will slip over your hips.

Has the Elastic Top of Your Milanese Panties a Weakness?

When woven-in elastic loses its strength, most people cut it off and make a hem—which, at best, is rather bulky. So try this way instead: Cut a piece of elastic just the size to fit your waist comfortably. Machine this to the extreme edge of the panties so that the elastic forms a band around the top. Be sure to stretch the elastic well as you sew.

Do Your Undies Lose Their Good Looks in the Wash?

If they're faded, it's probably because you're using too hot water. If they go into holes before their time, it may be because you've rubbed the dirt out. By using Persil for delicate materials you will help them keep their good looks. It cleanses quickly and thoroughly, even in cool water—and there's no harmful rubbing needed.

Exclusive MARY HOLIDAY Pattern Service 2/6 Patterns for 6d.



Pattern "O" in bust sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Complete outfit in size 34 (which long or short sleeves) takes 6½ yds. 36-inch material, or 4½ yds. 54-inch material for long sleeves and 4½ yds. for short sleeves.

Flattering Maternity Frock

Even a beginner can follow this easy-to-make Mary Holiday pattern, which includes an illustrated step-by-step sewing guide, cutting out chart and washing instructions. You can obtain this beautiful overseas pattern, usually 2/- to 3/-, by sending 8d. in stamps (6d. for pattern, 2d. for postage and packing). No other pattern at this price offers you so much. Fill in the coupon below.

MARY HOLIDAY PATTERN "O" MATERNITY FROCK

To "Patterns" P.O. Box 495 H, MELBOURNE. Enclosed find 8d. in stamps. Please send Pattern "O." (Pattern can only be obtained by post and from above address.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Size 32, 34, 36, 38 bust

till a friend came along in a PERSIL-WASHED FROCK

Ordinary washing really does look grey by the side of Persil whiteness. You see, Persil's oxygen-charged suds hustle through your wash—and move the deep-down dirt that "half-way" suds can't touch. Persil gets things whiter because it gets things cleaner. But don't think of Persil for only whites. It's the SAFEST and most thorough care for all your fine wash too!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.95.40.

Community Plate
"Forever" design.
The makers
recommend Silvo
for your silver.



Silvo will be kind to your Silver

Gently, but firmly,
Silvo banishes dull-
ness and tarnish from
your silverware. The
original soft sheen
returns to delight
you. The charm and
dignity of your Silver
is protected by Silvo
— the quick, safe
liquid silver polish.



STOP Itching, ugly ECZEMA



For all skin troubles, doctors warn against using strong antiseptics which may irritate the rash. Rexona Ointment contains SIX proved mild medicaments which together act like a cooling, soothing balm.



O.10.22

Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat solid food?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no stimulant. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, provides free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs. suffered coughing,

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 3 sizes .. 3/2, 6/3, 12/6

Women also Serve.

Y.W.C.A. sends workers to Middle East

HEAVY demands are being made on the Y.W.C.A. to meet local and international needs.

Four Australian and two New Zealand Y.W.C.A. secretaries have been sent to the Middle East under the auspices of the British Y.W.C.A. to work under the direction of Miss Jean Begg, former National Secretary in India.

Recreational huts and rest centres for women are badly needed in the Middle East, and funds for their maintenance must come from Australia, New Zealand, Malaya, and India.

Apart from the services needed for nurses and masseuses in war zones, munition workers and people living in the bombed areas of Great Britain come under the care of the Y.W.C.A.

In Britain the demand for service has enlisted the full-time work of 2000 Y.W.C.A. volunteers alone.

An appeal is being made by the Australian Y.W.C.A. for funds to carry on this most necessary service to women.

Helping to run appeal for Wool Trade War Fund

WITH an objective of raising more than £10,000 towards the building and maintaining of extensions to the War Veterans' Home, the Wool Trade Fund of N.S.W. is making a special appeal. Miss Madeline Withall, the honorary secretary, said that the home would accommodate sick or wounded Anzacs, sailors, or airmen.

Owners of sheep properties are to be asked to contribute a regular amount from the sale of their clips, and also it is hoped that a prize ram will be donated to be auctioned at the June sheep sales.

In addition to the War Veterans' Home, the Wool Trade Fund workers are raising money for a Spitfire and also for a mobile canteen for Britain.

Other committee workers are Mrs. Geoffrey Morgan and Miss Margaret Rowe. Donations may be sent to Miss Withall, 10 Loftus Street, Sydney.

Compiled cookery book for patriotic appeals

FULL of practical recipes suitable for Australian housewives, a cookery book compiled by Mrs. Doris State is being sold to aid the Lord Mayor's Fund and other patriotic appeals.

The Sydney County Council provided the money to have the book printed, and 10,000 copies were published.

Lady Nock took 1000 of these to be sold at the Comforts Fund depot, and other auxiliaries were provided with copies.

The first edition is almost sold out, but it is likely that a second will be printed.



A SOLDIER HELPS in the kitchen of a Y.W.C.A. hut for women war workers near Salisbury (England). Similar huts are to be established for Australian women in war zones.

Social events for good causes

JUNE 14.—2 p.m., Dog Show, Relford Hall, Darling Point, in aid of V.A. Queen.

June 14.—5.30 p.m., Relford Hall, cocktail party, arranged by Mrs. Alexis Albert and Mrs. Claude Healy, for V.A. Queen.

June 14.—Fun and Games, Redleaf, for Army Queen.

June 15.—Military Display at Showground for Munitions Queen.

June 16.—Musical for Journalist Queen, Andrea, Hope-wood House.

June 17, 18, 19.—"In Camera" show of candid portraits, Australia Hotel, for V.A. Queen.

June 18.—Gala dinner at Romano's for Journalist Queen.

June 20.—Red Cross Day.

July 3.—American Carnival Ball, Trocadero.

July 10.—Legacy Ball, Trocadero.

July 12.—David Maddison's recital in aid of Air Force House, Conservatorium.



MRS. C. ELLIS, Mrs. J. B. Lawlor, and Mrs. G. Murray displaying the flag, which is nearing completion.

Plan autographed flag for service men

COVERED with hand-worked names of friends of the men in the 8th Division Supply Column, a large flag will be sent to the men overseas.

Girls on the staff of Fuse Ply Products, Sydney, donated the material and made the flag, which when completed will have raised a substantial sum for the funds of the Supply Column Comforts Fund.

"The flag is worked in the colors of the A.S.C.," said Mrs. G. Murray, honorary secretary, who with Mrs. J. B. Lawlor (president) and Mrs. C. Ellis (hon. organiser) has been in charge of the appeal for names.

The handwork on the flag was done by Miss Iris Hay.

It is hoped to provide a second flag for A.S.C. men who are in an Australian camp.

Runs library for patients at Military Hospital

PATIENTS at the new 113th General Military Hospital at Concord will not lack books and magazines to read.

An appeal for a library by Lady Kater resulted in 1200 books and many magazines being sent to the hospital, where a room has been allotted for the library.

Mrs. T. C. Backhouse, voluntary assistant librarian, is on duty five days each week, and she is helped by a group of workers.

All the books are bound, and each day three girls work in the library mending and filing the stock, while two others wheel a trolley-load of books around each ward for the men to make a selection.

"We are always glad to get gifts," said Mrs. Backhouse, who made a special appeal for old copies of magazines such as "Esquire" and "Man."

There is a special color system used to catalogue the books. General fiction is covered with red binding, and a spot of lacquer indicates its type.

"There is a great demand for the books which have a spot of orange on their covers," said Mrs. Backhouse. "The color indicates to the men that the book is a 'Western,' which is the most popular story of them all."

Will present £100 cheque to Anzac Buffet

WILLING to help any patriotic cause, the 187 members of the women's auxiliary of the Coogee-Randwick Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Club are keen workers.

The auxiliary has a detachment to assist at the Anzac Buffet, and this week a cheque for £100 will be presented to aid the buffet funds.

"We average £10 a week cash donations to the buffet," said Mrs. J. C. Maitland, of Randwick, who is co-maidant of the combined branch.

Recently the branch also provided funds to renovate and furnish a room at the War Veterans' Home, Bare Island, and two dozen blankets were collected for the same home.

NEW! - Devilled PORK CHOPS!



When preparing chops for cooking, rub plenty of Keen's Mustard on both sides. This gives a "Keen" flavour, and pork so cooked digests more readily. Have mustard handy for chops, steaks, roasts, and poultry, but be sure it's KEEN'S.

KEEN'S
D.S.F. Mustard



LASTING CURLS FOR MODERN HAIR - DO'S

For satisfaction in a modern hair-do, insist on your hairdresser using Eugeneol sachets. Only Eugeneol sachets will give you long-lasting curls, soft and truly adaptable to glamorous styles!

eugene

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States



HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Constipation clogs the system and causes many ills. Doctors say, "To be healthy you must keep free from constipation." Nyal Figsen, the gentle laxative, aids Nature in a natural way. It acts gently, and mildly to give you comfortable relief. Easy and pleasant to take, Figsen is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Get Nyal Figsen to-day and see how easily this natural laxative will correct constipation and improve your health. Sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Night, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/5, 1/4.

Cystex KIDNEYS
BLADDER
The GUARANTEED Remedy RHEUMATISM

Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

TELLS SAFE, SIMPLE WAY TO TREAT AND RELIEVE AT HOME.

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home at little cost. Secure from your chemist 1 ounce of **Parmin** (double-strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

An improvement is usually noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing becomes easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which are overcome by this efficacious treatment. It is said that nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh, and there must, therefore, be many people whose hearing should be restored by this simple, harmless, home treatment.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it. "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, stimulating in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! / 25

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ BACK STREET

(Week's Best Release.)

Margaret Sullivan, Charles Boyer. (Universal.)

FIRST screened with Irene Dunne and John Boles some years ago, this frankly emotional story of star-crossed lovers is strictly feminine fare.

While too long and lacking in variety of incident, it is an absorbing, finely-acted romantic tragedy—a triumph for Margaret Sullivan.

Her portrayal of the ardent, spirited girl, for whom her love is her whole life, and who recklessly sacrifices everything for her devotion, is poignant.

As the married man whose love for Margaret is an essential part of his life, but only part, Boyer gives his usual polished performance. But his is, after all, an unsympathetic role.

Tracing the pair's story over more than thirty years, the film opens at the turn of the century. The authentic costumes and backgrounds of that time add quaint charm.

The only flaw in the brilliant direction of Robert Stevenson is a death-bed scene, which is too painfully realistic.

Supporting cast is fine, especially Frank McHugh as the rather common but good-hearted salesman.

Pans of Boyer and Sullivan will revel in this film, but it will appeal to everybody who appreciates really artistic acting. Don't forget to take your handkerchief along—State; showing.

★★ OLD BILL AND SON

Moreland Graham, John Mills. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

"OLD BILL," Bairnsfather's famous creation of the last war, appears on the 1941 screen, with Moreland Graham playing the stout-hearted, acronging fire-eater, Old Bill.

Made last year before the fall of France, this comedy deals with the adventures of Tommies behind the Maginot Line.

Veteran of last war, Old Bill is turned down by Army authorities on account of age. Determined to do his bit, he goes over to France, where his son (John Mills) is fighting with the new mechanised army.

Moreland Graham, with his walrus moustache and flattened curl pasted on his forehead, is excellent. John Mills does the best he can with a rather small role. Roland Culver as a tradition-bound English colonel is well cast.—Embassy; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average.

★ FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK

Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall. (Warners.)

THIS film gives Errol Flynn, playing an author who dabbles in crime detection, his first comedy role in years.

Flynn plays a business man leading a double life as a writer under a nom de plume. While he is out collecting copy for his books his wife (Brenda Marshall) and mother-in-law (Lucille Watson) suspect him of philandering.

On one of his midnight excursions he meets a jewel smuggler who is found dead the next day. Flynn is convinced it is murder, and the rest of the film is devoted to his efforts to find evidence of the crime.

The usual dumb police detective and even more foolish assistant—this time played by Alan Hale and William Frawley—are in the film.

Allen Jenkins appears as Flynn's chauffeur and assistant sleuth.

It is quite a change to see Flynn in modern clothes instead of in period costumes or military uniform—and it is to be hoped that Warners will cast him again in comedy.—Mayfair; showing.

★ SCATTERGOOD BAINES

Guy Kibbee, Francis Trout. (RKO.)

HERE is the first of a comedy series based on Clarence Budington Kelland's "Scattergood Baines," with Guy Kibbee playing this homely, entertaining, small-town character.

The film opens when Scattergood establishes himself in Coldriver town by a shrewd business deal. It skips the years briefly until he has become the town's leading citizen.

The romance is supplied by good-looking John Archer and Carol Hughes.

In this film you have amusing small-town characterisations and backgrounds, with Kibbee and newcomer Francis Trout vying for comedy honors.—Mayfair; showing.



MINOR FIRST AID on the set of Warners' "The Bride Came C.O.D." A make-up man removes a thorn for Bette Davis.

★ PUBLIC DEBUTANTE No. 1

Brenda Joyce, George Murphy. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

A SYNTHETIC tale of New York, this film gives you Brenda Joyce and George Murphy in a romantic comedy about an heiress who becomes involved with Communism.

Brenda's Leftish leanings cause her family's soup product to be boycotted, so her fussy uncle (Charles Butterworth) hires public hero No. 1, George Murphy, to act as her escort.

Elsa Maxwell makes several appearances playing herself—and stages one of her famous parties for the benefit of the screen.

The film gives the attractive Brenda plenty of opportunity to wear glamorous gowns. George Murphy gets another straight role, which seems a pity in view of his undoubted skill as a dancer.—Century; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful modern comedy.—Liberty; 9th week.

★★★ Kitty Foyle. Ginger Rogers, Dennis Morgan in appealing adaptation of Christopher Morley's best seller.—Regent; 6th week.

★★★ Strike Up the Band. Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney in delightful college musical.—St. James; 4th week.

★★ Saliers Three. Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert in lighthearted English farce.—Lyceum; 4th week.

★★ Road to Zanzibar. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in joyous comedy.—Prince Edward; 3rd week.

★ Kit Carson. Jon Hall, Lynn Bari in spectacular pioneering adventure.—Plaza; 3rd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and Barbara Bouchier in Hollywood

JUDY GARLAND'S mother has announced Judy's engagement to Dave Rose, the composer, who was recently divorced by Martha Raye.

Judy and Dave will probably marry early in January next year. The star is just nineteen.

And, by the way, Mickey Rooney is hinting that he and Linda Darnell may make an important announcement very soon.

CHATTING with Anna Neagle on the set of "Sunny" while we watched her dancing partner, Ray Bolger, rehearsing, I learned of a new number which the star will present. In an under-water sequence, Anna will do a solo dance surrounded by various decorative denizens of the deep. She will wear a glittering cap and costume made of rhinestones, and high-heeled rhinestone-buckled shoes. The scene will be shot in a studio tank covered with water-lilies.

JOHN BARRYMORE, filling out his income-tax report, answers the question "Married?" with "Occasionally."

DAME MAY WHITTY, seventy-five, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, forty-eight, play the parents of Joan Fontaine in "Before the Fact." The make-up man took fifteen years from Dame May's appearance and added them to Sir Cedric's. Everyone was satisfied.

ANN MILLER, the vivacious brunette dancing star, found a pearl in an oyster she was eating, but it cost her a broken tooth. Taking the pearl to a jeweller, she had it appraised, and found it to be worth thirteen shillings and fourpence. Her dentist charged Ann £25 for repairing her tooth.

CESAR ROMERO'S fan mail is second only to Tyrone Power's, which makes Cesar the second most popular leading man on the Fox lot. In spite of this, Cesar is not happy. He wants variety in his roles, while his chiefs have a long list of "Cisco Kid" pictures lined up for him. They are so delighted with Romero's success in these parts that there is little chance that he will be allowed to doff his sombrero for some time to come.

RONALD REAGAN exercises in his dressing-room before going into a difficult scene. Says it relaxes him.

I FIND MY COMPLEXION SOAP LUX TOILET SOAP MAKES A WONDERFUL DAILY BATH SOAP, TOO. A BEAUTY BATH THAT'S LUXURIOUS, YET INEXPENSIVE.

Actual statement by

Betty Grable

20th Century-Fox Star in "Down Argentine Way"

IT ISN'T ONLY FILM STARS WHO WANT LOVELY SMOOTH SKIN ALL OVER! LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATHS ARE FOR GIRLS LIKE YOU AND ME. IT'S THE LOVELIEST LASTING-EST SOAP YOU COULD IMAGINE!



LUX TOILET SOAP is Supercreamed —gives a luxury lather

6,300,510.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Alice Faye is married again

HER SURPRISE ELOPEMENT WITH ACE
ORCHESTRA-LEADER PHIL HARRIS HAS
SHAKEN HOLLYWOOD SENTIMENTALISTS

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

EVEN the film colony, accustomed as it is to whirlwind romance, was staggered by the marriage of blonde star Alice Faye to orchestra-leader Phil Harris, ex-husband of Australian actress Mascotte Ralston.

After a brief two months' romance and a week's engagement, the pair eloped last month.

As Harris' divorce from Mascotte will not be final till September, he married Alice at Ensenada, Mexico, the movie Gretna Green.

Neither Twentieth Century-Fox studio nor Alice's mother, Mrs. Lepert, was told of their plans.

Thirty-five-year-old, curly-haired, broad-shouldered Phil Harris may be just a name to you, but he is well known in movie circles.

house blooms arrived each morning from the faithful Charles!

Then a radiant Alice appeared at the Academy Awards banquet with Cesar Romero, one of the screen's most eligible bachelors.

This was too much—even for Hollywood. So when Alice announced her engagement to Phil Harris they merely smiled and agreed that "of course she wasn't really serious."

Alice Faye has been at Twentieth Century-Fox for seven years, and has just signed a new contract this year. She has just finished work on "That Night in Rio" and "The Great American Broadcast" and has been promised by the studio a three months' vacation.



HARRIS plays at the famous Coconut Grove, in Hollywood. He is under radio contract to Jack Benny, and has appeared in several films with this popular comedian, the last being "Buck Benny Rides Again."

Phil came to Australia 10 years ago where he met Mascotte Ralston, daughter of the late John Ralston. They were married in Sydney.

His marriage to Alice has shaken the Hollywood sentimentalists.

When Alice and crooner Tony Martin were married three years ago even Hollywood cynics admitted that it seemed a genuine love match, and when the divorce became final about three months ago Alice was said to be nursing a broken heart.

Some suggested that she and Tony might give matrimony a second chance. Then Alice went partying with Sandy Cummings, a debonair young man about town who frequently squires the film lovelies.

Friends and fans felt confident that Alice was all set for wedding bells, when millionaire Charles Wrightsman appeared on the scene. For weeks Alice wore luxurious sprays of orchids, and masses of roses filled her lovely ranch home. Two dozen hot-



● Meet the new Mrs. Phil Harris. Once again Alice Faye, Twentieth Century-Fox star, has married "the leader of the band." Her divorce from Tony Martin was finalised only three months ago.

JOAN LESLIE

... 1941 sensation

ONLY SIXTEEN, THIS AMAZING GIRL IS NOW GARY COOPER'S NEW LEADING LADY

From
BARBARA
BOURCHIER
in Hollywood

● Joan's mother, Mrs. Brooks, rehearses Joan for the next day's work, with older sisters Mary and Betty as the attentive audience. Joan's the wide-eyed young thing on the far right.



● Joan Leslie is co-starred with Gary Cooper in her next film, "Sergeant York," wartime drama in which Joan again plays the ingenuous country girl.

● Sixteen-year-old Joan Leslie goes glamorous, with lovely red hair upswept in the latest version of the pompadour. Joan is the youngest player ever to be starred by Warners.

TWO young girls walked solemnly down the steps of the Los Angeles City Hall holding in their hands their newly-approved contracts. Being only eleven and fourteen respectively, it had been necessary for them to get the Court's approval of their small contracts at MGM and Universal studios.

"Well, good luck," said the fourteen-year-old as they parted. "Maybe we'll both be stars next time we meet."

"Maybe," smiled the red-headed eleven-year-old hopefully.

"Let's meet again, say, five years from now, and have dinner together. We're sure to be stars by then," said the elder girl impulsively.

Deanna Durbin reported to Universal and won instant success, while the red-headed Joan Leslie started her long climb to stardom by playing a bit in "Camille."

That happened five years ago. Deanna's name is a household word.

This is Joan Leslie's story. The story of a sixteen-year-old who in a few short months has whirled from one leading part to another. She is playing opposite Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York" at the moment. As soon as she has finished she is to star with Errol Flynn in "The Constant Nymph."

Started young

BUT let's go back to the beginning of Joan's short life and see what it is she has that makes her a leading lady in her middle teens.

At the age of two Joan made her debut on the vaudeville stage with her older sisters Betty and Mary.

"That was a lucky break for me," Joan recalled as she attacked her apple pie in the Warner commissary. "The prima donna of the show, a haughty five-year-old, got temperamental and refused to sing her number. My sisters pushed me on, and I saved the day by singing 'Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella.'"

Preparing her for a stage career, Joan's mother sent her to dancing school, where she became quite proficient at acrobatics and tap-dancing.

The sisters toured Canada, and ended up at the Paradise Club in New York. Joan's hazel eyes, red hair, and exquisite complexion attracted the attention of a prominent model agent. A few weeks later she was beaming down from posters and bill-boards advertising somebody-or-other's soap.

"I was lucky enough to get a job with a camera company in Miami, posing for color photography. After that, back in New York, while I was doing another dancing act, a talent scout from MGM saw me and gave me a screen test. A few weeks later they sent for me, and Mother, Dad, Mary, and Betty came with me to California."

Joan admits her most ardent hope was to be put in unimportant pictures until she felt more at home in screen work.

"But what happened?" Joan's hazel eyes were mirthful. "They

put me in 'Camille' with the great Garbo. Yes, I was scared to death, but I never actually said anything to her except when I bumped into her one day. I felt an awful fool, but I managed to stammer 'excuse-me.' She said 'pardon.' That's all we ever said to each other."

After her small part at MGM, Joan went from studio to studio playing a tiny part here and there. It was rather discouraging for her, as she saw her friend Deanna Durbin soaring right to the top, but she kept plugging along.

"It seemed as though I would never get a break," she admitted.

Change of luck

LUCK was with her last year, when, after playing in "Nancy Drew, Reporter," someone at Warners noticed what a really attractive young girl she was.

"Why haven't we noticed her before?" asked the great powers behind the scenes. "Let's give her better parts and see how she comes through. There's a young girl in 'The Waggoners Roll At Night,' and another in 'High Sierra.' Maybe Joan Leslie would fit in there." She did, in both parts. When the pictures were previewed Joan was hastily signed to a new contract

and given "the works" in star build-up.

Perc Westmore studied her make-up. Orry-Kelly studied her clothes. Scotty Welbourne, the ace photographer, turned out glamorous pictures of her, and hey, presto! a new star was born.

She's only 16, and she's playing opposite Gary Cooper. That ought to turn the head of any girl, but it won't turn Joan's. She's been in show business too long to take success for granted. She knows she will have to work every minute to keep it.

Living quietly with her family in a modest home, Joan is still a schoolgirl. She may be a leading lady at the studio, but she's just a kid sister at home, a girl who keeps a rusty horseshoe for luck, and who thinks Mickey Rooney is the most interesting person in Hollywood.

There was an item in a local paper which brought a smile of understanding to Joan's friends. It ran something like this: "Deanna Durbin is giving a dinner party for Joan Leslie. The girls met five years ago when their contracts came up for Court approval. They are stars now, those determined little girls who made that pact on the steps of the City Hall. Their reunion dinner must have been a very happy one."

ML92A



Don't Talk!

WHO KNOWS, the enemy might be listening. If your work is making secret bombs . . . don't tell a soul. If you know when the troopship's leaving . . . mum's the word! Don't talk about these things — but . . . you can tell your friends about the economy of MAZDA electric light bulbs. They are made in Australia — ships, trains, planes, factories, offices, airports and countless homes use them. **THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER** — even the enemy knows that!

"They
Stay
Brighter
Longer"



MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Advertisement of
AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England.
W.A. Distributors: Atkins (W.A.) Ltd.

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL **COLES STORES** THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

These young marrieds are real helpmates

Mr. and Mrs. Film Star of to-day are giving very practical demonstrations of their loyalty to and faith in each other. Particularly charming are the gestures recently made by Tyrone Power and Jeanette MacDonald, Tyrone on behalf of his wife, Annabella, and Jeanette for the sake of her husband, Gene Raymond, recently seen in, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"



"Help! Help! HEL-LUP!... Whodayamean 'chatsamatter'? Look at Neddy!... He says he won't go another step. Says his saddle chafes. Says he has a will of iron and an unconquerable soul."



"Whoo-o-o-o! OF COURSE! Imagine letting a pal get chafes and prickly heat when there's Johnson's Baby Powder in the house!... No, no, Neddy, she is not bringing burrs to put under your tail..."

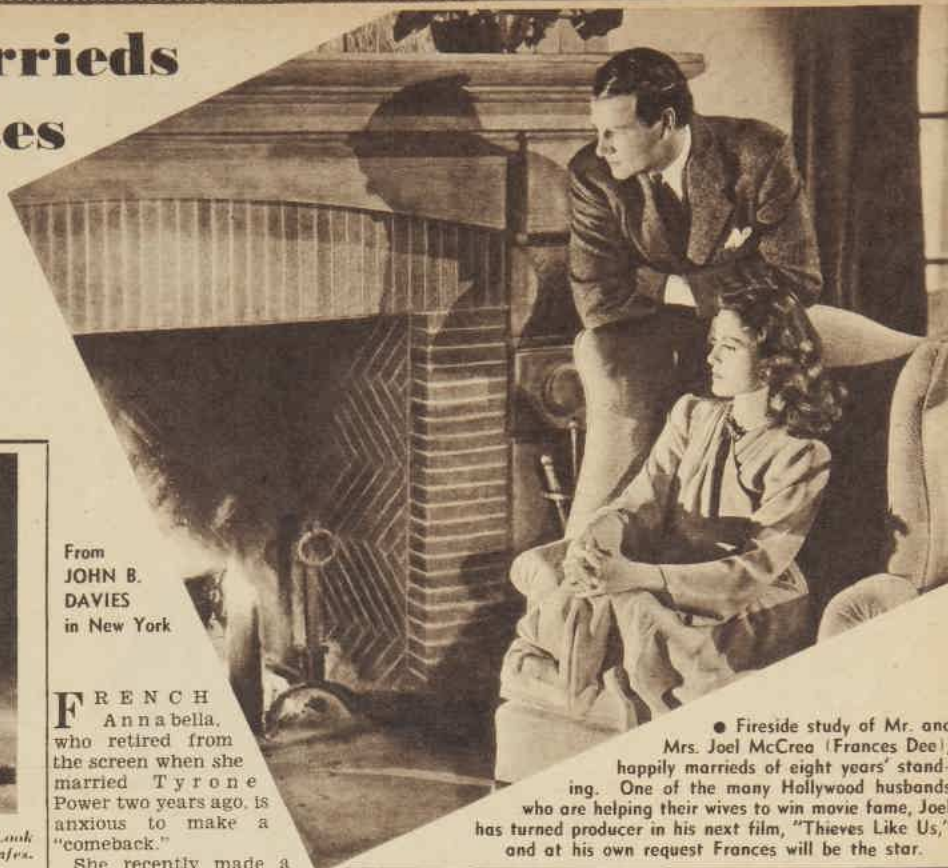


"... She's bringing my cooling, soothing Johnson's — and it's the softest, nicest stuff that ever tickled your hide... But I AM a little worried. You'll feel so frisky, I might have a runaway!"

"Feel a pinch of Johnson's Baby Powder — Then you'll know how slick it makes a person feel!" Johnson's is a very inexpensive item of baby care. Yet it is made of extremely fine imported talc, and it contains no scratchy particles. Get Johnson's Baby Powder for your baby to-day.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby — Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modess, etc.



From
JOHN B.
DAVIES
in New York

FRENCH Anna bella, who retired from the screen when she married Tyrone Power two years ago, is anxious to make a "comeback."

She recently made a test for a role in Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

One of the most devoted admirers of Annabella, the screen star, Tyrone the other day personally asked producer Darryl Zanuck to give Annabella a "good, meaty" role, if not in the Hemingway film, in any other drama.

Nothing came of this request, so Tyrone is planning to take his wife on a stage tour with him—if he can get a few weeks off between pictures.

Now working on "A Yank in the R.A.F.," Tyrone wants to tour U.S. cities with dramatic excerpts from his past films. Annabella is to assume the leading lady role in each case.

Jeanette was rather luckier than Tyrone, for husband Gene is to play opposite her in her next film, "Smilin' Through," a remake of the Shearer classic.

James Stewart was originally assigned to the role, but when he was drafted into the army MGM had to find a new leading man.

Then Jeanette persuaded the studio to give Gene a test. It was satisfactory. He will play the part Fredric March took in the original version.

Chose his wife

AND there are other instances of married devotion.

Popular young actor Joel McCrea will turn producer this year and at his own request his wife, Frances Dee, will star in his first production, "Thieves Like Us."

Frances has not had many breaks lately—and this has irked Joel, who believes his attractive wife only needs a good role to become one of the screen's top-ranking stars.

So he's hoping for big things from this film, as much for Frances' sake as for his own.

Studios have always been enthusiastic about teaming real-life romantic twosomes in films—for sweet publicity's sake.

Now, these days, young newlyweds themselves are urging their chiefs to let them work together.

Ever since they were married last year, Brian Aherne has been looking for a story which would be suitable for himself and wife Joan Fontaine.

Nineteen-year-old Nancy Kelly and her new husband, 23-year-old Edmund O'Brien, will co-star in RKO's "Parachute Battalion."

Lucille Ball and her bridegroom, Cuban Desi Arnaz, are working in a film, as yet untitled, for RKO.

The old idea that playing together provokes quarrels has proved a fallacy. Directors even say that they prefer the husband-and-wife team. There are no hitches in the love making—and the stars never try to steal scenes from each other.

● Fireside study of Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee), happily marrieds of eight years' standing. One of the many Hollywood husbands who are helping their wives to win movie fame, Joel has turned producer in his next film, "Thieves Like Us," and at his own request Frances will be the star.

When is a wife no longer a sweetheart?



Don't let underarm odour endanger happiness. Guard day-to-day charm... with MUM!

MARRIED two years—three years—five! And time, with its joys and problems shared, should make a husband's love grow stronger. But you can't neglect the important little things and hold a husband's love. You must keep dainty, free from any trace of underarm odour. It's wise to make a daily habit of Mum!

For no one likes to mention a fault like underarm odour. Husbands, too often, avoid telling such unromantic truths! Why not be sure you're safe—always dainty and fresh? Remember that your bath removes only past perspiration...

FOUR REASONS WHY MORE WOMEN USE MUM



Another Use for Mum. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



1 SOCIALITE Jeff (Ray Milland), football star Tom (Wayne Morris), and flying enthusiast Al (William Holden) become cadets in the Army Air Corps and go to Randolph Field.



2 PHOTOGRAPHER Carolyn (Constance Moore) takes pictures of Jeff, but after smashing her camera he makes a date with her.



3 JEFF forsakes Carolyn and falls in love with heartless cabaret singer Sally (Veronica Lake), Al's ex-girl friend.



4 JUST BEFORE GRADUATION, the three friends go on a stunt flight in which Tom is fatally injured, and, as a result, Al, who led the flight, is dismissed.



5 AL, who has been tricked into marrying Sally, re-enlists as mechanic on bomber.



6 JUST BEFORE they take off, Sally, escaping police who want her for murder, begs Al to hide her, then sneaks into the plane.

"I WANTED WINGS" is authentic air epic

By CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

FILMED ON U.S. TRAINING FIELD WITH
REAL-LIFE TRAINEES AND ARMY PLANES

PARAMOUNT Studio received unique co-operation from the U.S. Air Corps for the filming of its air epic, "I Wanted Wings."

During the making of the film the entire company went on location to the famous Randolph Field Training School in Texas.

Only the stars, featured players and movie technicians came from Hollywood. The U.S. Government supplied 1050 cadets, 540 officers and instructors, and 2543 enlisted men as extras—free of charge.

This was not all the army contributed. As well as its permission to make use of its property and personnel, it also provided 1157 planes, including bombers and flying fortresses.

As the new cadets in the story, film actors Ray Milland, William Holden, and Wayne Morris were issued regulation uniforms, and reported for duty at Randolph every morning when the actual cadets began their official day. They were required to observe the rules.

To avoid long explanations, they soon found it more expedient to salute their superior officers when they met them on the ground, although Brian Donlevy, in the role of a flight instructor, became so exhausted returning the salutes of the well-meaning cadets that he had the prop man make a badge for him which said, simply, "ACTOR."

The Air Corps officials were patient and long-suffering. They watched the newcomers wander blithely into sacred precincts and over forbidden areas. They suffered Randolph Field to be painted a resplendent green where the sun had parched the grass an unphotogenic brown. They saw classes occasionally disrupted by the presence on the scene of Constance Moore and Veronica Lake. And through it all they smiled.

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Famous
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Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor's personal Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose express in stamp to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 40-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Smiles Make-up" by Max Factor.

NAME		EYES		HAIR		SKIN	
Very Light	Blue	Light	Blue	Light	Blue	Very Light	Very Light
Fair	Grey	Light	Grey	Light	Grey	Light	Light
Creamy	Green	Light	Green	Light	Green	Light	Light
Medium	Dark	Light	Dark	Light	Dark	Light	Light
Dark	Black	Light	Black	Light	Black	Light	Light
Very Dark	Black	Light	Black	Light	Black	Light	Light
Very Dark	Black	Light	Black	Light	Black	Light	Light
Very Dark	Black	Light	Black	Light	Black	Light	Light
Very Dark	Black	Light	Black	Light	Black	Light	Light
Very Dark	Black	Light	Black	Light	Black	Light	Light

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Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick gives you everything you desire in a good lipstick. It goes on smoothly and evenly, it has clear-cut indelibility and a smooth, satiny finish.

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For every shade in Colourfast Lipstick there is rouge to match. Give your cheeks a becoming glow with Cashmere Bouquet rouge at

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Cashmere Bouquet face powder gives the skin a smooth mat finish, and comes in these ultra smart, modern shades—Pêche, Sungold, Hawaiian Tan. In three sizes—Large 2/8d.—Regular 1/7d.—Purse 1/-

There is magic in matched make-up when you harmonise the dominant colour of your ensemble with one of the warm, thrilling shades in Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick. Take the gloom out of Winter days by wearing one of the exotic new reds—Orchid Red, Royal Red or Signal Red. Lovely lips, emphasised with Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick are truly irresistible.

Cashmere Bouquet
Colourfast
LIPstick

FASHION PORTFOLIO

June 14, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

COLOR-CONSCIOUS CLOTHES

... designed for the
winter sports

• Ready for golf in a box-pleated skirt and shirt-blouse in green wool worn with a hand-knitted jerkin in blue, burgundy, green, and white plaid.



• Dark brown one-piece ski-ing suit, tailored to a T, and with it a hand-knitted maize wool sweater with snug neckline. Green gloves give a spot of color.



• Skimming over the snow in a sleek-fitting suit of deep blue water-proofed wool with matching, hair-concealing cap. Collar, sleeves, and gloves in wine.



• Tricolor scheme for ski-ing. Grey worsted trousers are topped by a burgundy shirt and a wind-breaking blue lumber-jacket with white wool stags stalking across the front. The blue felt visor hat is banded in burgundy.

• Cut a dashing figure on the skating-rink in a blue rough wool skirt with a casual lemon shirt and matching boxy jacket embroidered in blue and dark red wool.

• Fetching button-down-the-front pinafore in vivid green wool jersey with a grey jersey shirt. Ideal for active or spectator sports. (Top right.)

Rene.

LOVELY JUNE BRIDES



• Classic simplicity interpreted in snowy-white silk crepe. The slim tunic-top is offset by the gracefully hanging skirt with sweeping train, and the only trimming is the effective looped self cording.



• For a young bride a skirt billowing with layers and layers of white tulle and topped by a demure Victorian bodice in delicate white lace. The long veil is fastened to the hair with self bow.

+ + +

• Long-torso gown of ivory slipper satin and silk tulle, featuring a wide, graceful skirt and a high neckline encircled with orange-blossoms. With it a circular veil of silk tulle.



FANTASY IN HATS...

Charm-making quartet of the newest headlines sponsored by New York; sketched by Petrov.



● Geometric lines are the latest millinery news. This colossal black felt square is mounted on to a hair-concealing turban of brilliant floral silk.



● Very young pillbox of black grosgrain banded in contrasting shades of ribbon is held on by diamante clips. A team of stiffened black veiling envelops the face.

● Huge felt halo with clever scroll design cut out and covered with matching net. The same motif is repeated on the lapel of the suit.



P E T R O V

● Newest and most flattering adaptation from Mexico is this black felt model with its funny little crown and wide, straight brim, turned down round the edge. A trim of narrow black silk fringe and veiling strings add further flourish.

Said the gunner with hand on the trigger—
"What a girl—what a face—what a figure!"
Said his mate, "I agree—
She wears Kayser you see—
They're the stockings to
dazzle a Digger!"



Definitely
I'M A ONE BRAND
WOMAN NOW!

Heads turn, hearts burn,
when the Kayser girl goes
by in her distractingly
attractive Mir-O-Kleer
Sheers!
You'll score a bull's-eye
in Kayser stockings—a
bull's-eye for elegance—
a bull's-eye for thrift.

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KAYSER

MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY—MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Twyn
SYLKS
4" and 5"
Lovely Kayser Pure
Silk Mir-O-Kleer
Fully Fashioned
Sheers from 5"
"If they fit the
ankle without a
wrinkle—they're
KAYSER"

KH 41-4



m - m - - ! Apple Pie like mother used to make ! !



Serve
APPLE PIE
and Serve Your Country

APPLE PIE

6 large apples
½ teas. baking powder
Pinch salt
½ lb. plain flour
Dessertspoon sugar
4 oz. dripping

Peel apples thinly, core and cut into thin slices. Put them into a pie-dish (piled high), sprinkle sugar, add few cloves (if liked), then cover with paste.

PASTE—Sift dry ingredients, rub in dripping, make into a dough with barely half cup water, roll out thinly, put layer of paste around edge of pie-dish, cover pie-dish with paste, brush with little water and bake for about 25 minutes. If preferred, puff or rough puff pastry may be used.

You will get a double satisfaction from serving golden crusted Apple Pie like the one above. There is the praise you will win from your family. And - there is the consciousness that you are doing your bit to consume the harvest of glorious apples that Australian fruit growers are to-day unable to send abroad because of lack of shipping space... So serve Apple Pie tonight and regularly several times a week hereafter. For convenience sake buy apples by the case and send for a copy of the new APPLE AND PEAR RECIPE BOOK which contains numerous delightful recipes for apple puddings, pies, cakes, preserves and salads. Post the coupon now to the nearest address of:—

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To obtain a copy of the new APPLE AND PEAR RECIPE BOOK write your name and address on this coupon and send to the nearest address at left.

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TENNIS JACKET . . . AND MATCHING TURBAN



Instructions for knitting this tennis set, jacket and turban, on this page.

● Two knitted garments that will pep up your winter sports wardrobe. Both jacket and turban are knitted in cable-stitch with 4-ply wool, and look entrancing made up in white or a pastel tint.

MATERIALS: 14oz. of Nursery Vivella knitting yarn, 4-ply, (cardigan takes 11oz. and turban 3oz.); 2 No. 8 and 2 No. 12 knitting needles; 9 buttons.

Measurements: Cardigan: Length, 18½ inches; bust, 35 inches; sleeve seam, 4 inches. Turban: Length, 36 inches; width, 5 inches.

Tension: 1 complete pattern (24 sts.) measures 2½ ins. when slightly stretched.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; rep., repeat; st., stitch; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; inc., increase ins. inches.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 68 sts. Work 3½ ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and the following pattern:—

1st Row: * P 2, k 2. Rep. from * to end. Rep. this row 5 times more.

7th Row: * P 2, slip next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k 2, p 1 on next 3 sts., then replace the 3 sts. from spare needle on to left-hand needle and work thus: P 1, k 2 (the twisting of these sts. will be referred to as "cable"), p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving needle at front of work (p 2, k 2) twice. Rep. from * to end, ending last repeat with p 2, k 2 instead of (p 2, k 2) twice.

8th Row: Rep. 1st row once.

These 8 rows form pattern.

Beginning again from first row, continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. for side edge at end of next row, then at same edge in every following 4th row until 81 sts. are on needle, working extra sts. into pattern when possible. Proceed without further shaping until work measures 12 ins. from lower edge, ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next row, then k 2 tog. at same edge on every row until 58 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until work measures 16½ ins. from lower edge, ending at front edge.

Shape Neck: 1st Row: Cast off 4 sts., pattern to end.

2nd Row: Pattern to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., pattern to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 36 sts. remain. Continue in pattern without further shaping until work measures 19 ins. from lower edge, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at armhole edge 3 times. Cast off remaining 9 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work ribbing as given for right front. Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row: * K 2, p 2. Rep. from * to end. Rep. this row 5 times more.

7th Row: * K 2, p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving spare needle at back of work, p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving the needle at front of work, p 2, k 2, p 2. Rep. from * to end, ending last rep. with p 2, instead of p 2, k 2, p 2.

8th Row: Rep. 1st row once.

Repeating these last 8 rows inc. for side edge at beg. of next row, then at this same edge on every following 4th row until 81 sts. are on needle, working the extra sts. into pattern when possible. Proceed without further shaping until work measures 12 ins. from lower edge, ending at side edge. Shape armhole and complete front as instructions given for right front.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 142 sts. Work 3½ ins. in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row: * K 2, p 2. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 2. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd to 6th Rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: * K 2, p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving needle at back of work, p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving needle at front of work, p 2, k 2, p 2. Rep. from * to end, ending last rep. with p 2, k 2, instead of p 2, k 2, p 2.

8th Row: Rep. 2nd row once.

Repeating these 8 rows, inc. 1 st. at each end of next row and every following 4th row until 168 sts. are on needle, working the extra sts. into pattern when possible. Proceed without further shaping until work measures 12 ins. from lower edge, ending with a row on the wrong side of work.

Shape Armholes: Keeping pattern correct, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 122 sts. remain. Proceed without further shaping until work measures 18 ins. from lower edge, ending with a row on wrong side of the work.

Shape Shoulders: Continuing in pattern, cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 114 sts. Work 1½ ins. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row: * P 2, k 2. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 2. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

3rd to 6th Rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: * P 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving needle at back of work, p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving needle at front of work, (P 2, k 2) twice. Rep. from * to end, ending last repeat with p 2, instead of (p 2, k 2) twice.

8th Row: Rep. 2nd row once.

Continued on page 34



NEVER LET PERSPIRATION SET IN STOCKINGS OVERNIGHT. LUX THEM AFTER EVERY WEARING TO MAKE THEM LAST. USE LUX FOR ALL YOUR FINE THINGS

Use money orders only. Not cashed by post. ONLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

LUX contains no soda

A LEVER PRODUCT

SUBURB

STATE

Pattern Coupon, 14/6/41.

Instructions for knitting turban

With No. 8 needles cast on 48 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * k 2, p 2. Rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 2, k 2. Rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2, k 1.

3rd to 6th Rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 3, * p 2, cable next 6

sts., leaving needle at back of work,

p 2, cable next 6 sts., leaving needle at front of work, * (p 2, k 2) twice.

Rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 3.

8th Row: Rep. the 2nd row once.

Rep. these 8 rows until work measures 36 ins. (or length required). Cast off. Press lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth.

MONDAY: To-day I found the secret of "complexion-beauty"

Yes, to-day I was introduced to Corinne Rose Cream, a beauty product that no woman, however lovely, should be without! Perfect powder base, "Corinne" Rose Cream is the natural beauty emulsion for the skin, and so it cleanses, rejuvenates and beautifies as nothing else can.

Bottles 2/6 and 1/-, Tubes 1/6 at Chemists and Beauty Stores.

Corinne ROSE CREAM

THE ONE POWDER BASE THAT BEAUTIFIES





The Modern Mother Hubbard finds **PYREX** in her cupboard...



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F1797



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F2118



F2119

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15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 4d. jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
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SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix." Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissue. Finally the devastating effect of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. "Vanix" is a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., and is obtainable at 5/6 a bottle (posted 9/11) from Italian Pty. Ltd., 510 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lil Collins St., Melbourne; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melbourne; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.



No 93

No. 93.—A dainty and easy-to-make set that young things will adore.

Bonnet and coat

THIS pretty set will make your small daughter look as pretty as a picture.

Both garments are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with pattern and design on fine wool crepe in shades of cream, blue, and pink, or winceyette in cream, blue, pink, lemon, and green.

Sizes 1 to 2 years: Coat, wool crepe, 9/8, winceyette, 4/8; bonnet, wool crepe, 2/11, winceyette, 1/11; complete set, wool crepe, 12/-, winceyette, 8/-.

Sizes 2 to 4 years: Coat, wool crepe, 10/9, winceyette, 5/3; bonnet, wool crepe, 3/6, winceyette, 2/6; complete set, wool crepe, 13/9, winceyette, 7/3; plus 6d. postage each article.

Paper pattern only, 1/6 complete. Transfer for embroidery, 1/6 each extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Sheer linen blouse

To enhance your winter suit

● A trim yet ultra-flattering little blouse that looks equally charming 'neath your costume jacket or topping your tailored skirts.

OBTAINABLE from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality sheer linen in white, deep cream, blue, pink, yellow, and green. The pattern is very clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The embroidery motif—Air Force wings—is also traced on the pocket, but this may be left off if desired.

It is obtainable in 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust measurement.

Price 7/6 complete, postage included.

Paper pattern only. Price 1/3.

Embroidery transfer. Price 1/6 extra.



No. 90.—An essentially feminine blouse, yet designed on tailored lines with high neckline and extended shoulder line.

Snug nightie for baby

● An attractive and comfy new style that is guaranteed to keep tiny tots as warm as toast on the chilliest winter nights.

It is traced on winceyette in pastel shades of white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The pattern and embroidery design are very clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

Sizes: Infants to 6 months, 3/11, plus 3d. postage; 12 to 18 months, 4/11, plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern only. Price, 1/-.

Embroidery transfer. Price, 1/- each.

Filosele embroidery silks in shades of cream, blue, pink, and green may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 4d. per skein. Stranded cottons in any desired shades, price 21d. per skein.



No 94

No. 94.—A practical style to ensure sweet dreams on the coldest nights. Obtain one from our Needlework Department.

Tennis jacket and matching turban

Continued from page 31

REPEATING these 8 rows, inc. 1 st. at each end of next row and every following 4th row until 122 sts. are on needle. Proceed without further shaping until work measures 4ins. from lower edge, ending with a row on wrong side of work.

SHAPE TOP

Continuing in pattern, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. In the next 2 rows make a buttonhole, thus:—

1st Row: Rib 4, cast off 4, rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib 4, cast on 4, rib to end.

* Work 11ins. in rib. In the next 2 rows make a buttonhole as before. Rep. from * 8 times. Work in rib for 11ins. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Work to match right front band, omitting buttonholes. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles, rib across the 12 sts. of right front band, pick up and knit 33 sts. along edge of right front neck, 44 sts. across back neck, 33 sts. down edge of left front neck, and finally rib across the 12 sts. of left front band. Work in k 1, p 1 for 3in., ending at right front edge. In next 2 rows make a buttonhole, thus:—

1st Row: Rib 4, cast off 4, rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 4, rib 4. Work 1 more row in rib, then cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Insert sleeves into armholes, placing centre top of sleeve about 1in. to front of shoulder seam, and arranging any surplus fullness at top of shoulder. Stitch bands to front edges, slightly stretching bands while sewing, but not stretching edge of garment. Sew buttons opposite buttonholes. Press all seams.

Why not Keep SLIM & Really Fit

WITH her lovely slim figure and without an ounce of surplus fat anywhere—she's a perfect picture of health and fitness. Her secret is quite simple—just a couple of Bile Beans each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They eliminate fat-forming residue daily, and by toning up the system, give you radiant health and a lovely clear complexion.

So if you want to regain those slender lines, and keep really fit and healthy this Winter—start taking Bile Beans to-night.

1/4 & 3/2 A BOX

With The Aid Of

BILE BEANS



"Since taking Bile Beans regularly, I have not put on an ounce of surplus fat anywhere. Bile Beans not only keep my figure attractively slim, but secure splendid health all the year round."
—Miss A. Tate.

MAKE
YOUR MONEY
FIGHT!
BUY
WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES

"I got rid of three pounds of excess fat per week and became lighter by two stones through taking Bile Beans regularly. My figure is again slim and youthful and my health is greatly improved."
—Mrs. S. A. Jewell.



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Moulded Container for

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IN THE 1/6 SIZE

Good news for housewives who watch the pennies! Your favourite dentifrice now in an elegant, long-lasting container. Now—instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice you buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase!

Large Moulded Container, 1/6. Large Refills, 1/3

Gibbs saves your money
as well as teeth

But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size lasts the average person 216 days—*twice longer than any other dentifrice!* It's a sure protection against decay. At all chemists and stores.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Romance still booms . . .

CONTINUING that "Romance is booming" serial I began last week . . . here are a few more surprises which I am still rather dizzily trying to sort out.

Lorna Richards tells me she is in a bit of a whirl, too . . . comes from Yass home for holiday, and unexpectedly finds herself bridesmaid at St. Mark's twice within five days. First for Jenny Podmore and George Raffan, then for Susan Bellair and Tom Parkinson, who announce engagement at Raffan-Podmore wedding.

But I think it is Susan Bellair who creates record by being twice bridesmaid and then bride within twelve days. She is maid for Mary Hodgson when she and tall, handsome Cam Webb spring a complete surprise on friends by dashing off to St. Mark's . . . then for Jenny Podmore . . . and five days later she walks down St. Mark's aisle for third time—to wed Tom Parkinson.

All three weddings follow few-hours-old decisions. All three bridegrooms are in same regiment.

More engagements . . .

CONGRATULATIONS, too, for several newly-engageds. Kath Noss and A.I.F. fiance David Willis . . . Ruth Docker and Air Force fiance Henry Friend.

"So odd," says an excited Kath, "to think that Joan Scott Fell (Mrs. Dick Willis) and I were school friends at Abbotsleigh. Now we'll be sisters-in-law." Kath and David say they're not marrying for months yet . . . at least those are present intentions.

Ruth Docker, on the other hand, is already choosing bridal array and trousseau. "Wedding will be as soon as Henry gets leave," says she. Ceremony at St. Anne's, Strathfield; her sisters June and Pat are bridesmaids. Ruth's engagement ring is beautiful square sapphire surrounded with diamonds.

Temporary home after wedding will be at Wagga, where bridegroom-elect is training.

Very candid . . .

THERE'S a lot of rummaging going on in our very best, and worst, family albums, so Mrs. Reg Bettington tells me, in search of the quaintest "old horrors" to enter for candid "In Camera" exhibition. It's at the Australia, June 17, 18, and 19, with cocktail party as finale . . . all for Red Cross V.A. Queen.

Hear that there'll be some good fun guessing who are some very well-knowns shown as dashing two-year-olds.

For wedding group series Mrs. Bettington has brought forth her own . . . "the whole family looking thoroughly dismal standing in the rain, twelve years ago."

Always practical . . .

HERE'S news of Dr. Reg. Bettington . . . en route to Greece with 150 men their transport was bombed and sunk. "Practical to the last," says Mrs. Bettington, "he packed his bag and hunted for pack of bridge cards, finding them only just in time to jump into last lifeboat."

He reached Crete in the lifeboat, and stayed there for three weeks, being taken off by an Australian destroyer only two days before it was invaded. Dr. Ruthven Blackburn was among those with him.

Did you know? . . .

KATH MENZIES gets cable from fiance Snow Swift in Rhodesia on first anniversary of their engagement announcing that he is now pilot-officer.

Mostly young friends of bride and bridegroom from surrounding districts comprise guests invited to wedding of Pam Richards and Warrie Holman at Cootamundra this Saturday . . . reception afterwards at Albion Hotel.

Son and heir born to two well-known polo players within four days . . . Gordon Munro and Philip Ashton. Munro infant is called Hugh after his grandfather.

Conference sidelights . . .

GOVERNMENT HOUSE party is highlight of social side of Pre-School Child Development Conference. Interstate visitors among 400 guests delight in dusk harbor view . . . many prefer strolling in gardens to partaking of tea indoors.

Notice Governor Wakehurst showing Miss Polly King (president Frances Newton Kindergarten) portrait of her ancestor, Governor King, which hangs in G.H. drawing-room.

At tea see Lady Wakehurst and Education Minister Clive Evatt animatedly chatting. Nearby Lady Gowrie discusses conference with Agnes Scobie, Christine Heinig, Jean Wyndham.

Betty Lee Steere, of Perth, tells me she has had great fun riding round town in hansom cab. Enjoys it so much she hires it to take her for leisurely tour of the bridge. Betty, who works at free kindergarten, is on first visit to Sydney . . . staying with her aunt, Lady Julius.

They catch the eye . . .

MRS. G. C. MUIRHEAD-GOULD'S collection of earrings. In addition to beautiful Oriental ones, almost shoulder-length, she has diamond ear-clips of Prince of Wales feathers.

Not at all formal . . .

SO informal, I thought . . . the way simply everybody sits on floor at Romano's to get best view of Captive Fashions. Gwen Brown and Warwick Fairfax side by side at ringside (yes, on the floor). Mrs. Bedford Osborne chooses good spot near orchestra, so do Nuttie Mackellar and sister Evelyn Crossing.

Certainly worth looking at are both mannequins and fashions which represent captive animals. Valerie Fairfax gets loudest applause swinging merrily along platform as "white fox." White for lots of spectators, too . . . Mrs. Royce Shannon, Nancy Macnaught, Mrs. John Bronowski, Mrs. Greg Blaxland.

Too good a party to finish at 2 a.m. so Colin Wyatt dons his dashing cape, collects his attractive wife and gay crowd and sets off for Edgecliff home to entertain them with piano-accompanied until dawn-wards.

Heard around town . . .

IMPORTANT member of bridal party when Bunty Broadway weds Pilot-Officer Geoff Warren this Saturday will be Bunty's engaging pet terrier, Mr. Boxer . . . plus white satin collar. Ceremony at All Saints' to be followed by small reception at Redleaf. White bridal array for Bunty, but no bridesmaids.



• PIANO CAPERS. Captain Monty Mutton at the keyboard. His audience (from left) Mrs. Ron Alder, Dick Palk, Betty Alder. At Betty's coming-of-age party.



• FROM LEFT: Audrey Jackson, Mrs. Chick Bouvet and Mrs. Gordon Johnston on duty at Pie Oven, Darling Point, newly-opened in aid of Army Medical Corps.



• KATH NOSS looks disinterested (but she isn't) when Jim Ramsay admires diamond solitaire just presented by her fiance, David Willis (centre). At Prince's.



• LUNCH-TIME scene at Army War Comforts Auxiliary canteen, King Street. Denise McGillicuddy (left) and Mrs. E. H. Schiff prepare for lunch-hour rush.



• MELBOURNE picture of Lieut. Douglas Fewtrell and bride, Alison Fox-Pollard, leaving St. Paul's. Groom is son of Major-General and Mrs. A. C. Fewtrell, of Neutral Bay, who went to Melbourne for wedding.



• APPLAUSE from Alison Adams and Sub-Lieut. Bob Whiting from their ringside seat on Romano's floor at Captive Fashion Show.



• TWO YOUNG country matrons take to the ice. Mrs. Forbes Gordon (left) and Mrs. Len Bligh at Ice Palais.



• "SALAD, MRS. d'BECKETT?" Sir Frederick Stewart helps Mrs. T. d'Beckett, of Victoria, at University luncheon during Pre-School Child Development Conference.



Teething well over

Children come easily and happily through teething when their bloodstream is kept cool and their habits regular by Steedman's Powders, the safe, gentle aperient. For over 100 years mothers have given Steedman's to children up to 14 years.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

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John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

"HERE," Kit said,

"I'm done with being pampered, nurse. I think I deserve something more than milk puddings and bed at nine o'clock now. Darling, let's go."

It was absurd how shy of him she felt suddenly, how they didn't seem to find very much to say to each other as they went down to the car.

"Darling," she said, "your — your D.P.C. has caused quite a stir in the village. Everyone's frightfully thrilled and pleased and they like to show it. You won't mind, will you? We needn't accept all the invitations to parties and things. We can say you aren't very fit yet."

"Oh, I don't know," Kit said, fumbling for his pipe. "Let's go to them, sweetheart. Why not? They're a lot of old molly coddlers at that hospital. After all, darling, if people feel like standing us champagne and parties why shouldn't we accept them? You must have had a pretty dull time these last few months."

He made a restless movement and went on abruptly: "As a matter of fact, darling, I thought we might go up and have a few days in London straight away. Do some shows and things and have some fun. A fortnight's leave goes pretty quickly somehow, so we'd better go up almost at once. I'd like to see Mavis, too."

"Mavis and Jeff want to give a party for you. She rang up yesterday and I said I'd let her know as soon as you felt fit enough; but I didn't give any date."

"I thought you'd like a quiet time at home first, the garden's looking so lovely with all the crocuses and snowdrops out."

"I'm sure it is." He spoke with an odd carelessness. "But I'm as fit as a fiddle, Caroline, and—well, sitting and gazing at rows of crocuses isn't a wildly stimulating

Stranger in the House

Continued from page 4

"I like that," he said firmly. "Try it on, Caroline."

"Kit, I couldn't wear that! Just look at it; there's nothing of it and I look terribly conspicuous and silly. No, I'll try on the grey one, please."

It was the grey one that she bought, severely lovely with its silver embroidery round the neckline and its long, clinging skirt.

"It's beautiful, Kit," she said, slipping her hand through his arm as they waited for it to be packed. "Thank you, darling."

"If you like it, that's all right," he said rather shortly. "But I preferred that gold affair."

"But this is so much more practical," she exclaimed. "It's the sort of frock that will go on for ages because it's so inconspicuous and yet really good."

She took extra care with her dressing that evening, brushing her bronze hair till it shone, screwing in a pair of long silver earrings he had bought her on their honeymoon, adding just the merest trace more of soft tinted lipstick to her mouth.

Yet somehow when she got to the party she felt suddenly drab; all the other women including Mavis were in gay evening dress, brightly colored with spreading, flower petal skirts and bare backs, with their hair pinned up in shining curls and their mouths bright and laughing.

In two seconds Kit was the centre of a noisy, eager group pressing drinks and toasts and congratulations on him, and though he'd never met any of them before he didn't show any trace of the awkwardness and bashfulness she had expected of him. He was always modest about himself, of course, turning every compliment and question off with a laughing reply, but his grey eyes were bright and his brown face faintly flushed with pleasure.

"Let's go in to dinner, people," Mavis said, marshalling them into the dining-room. "You're here, Caroline, darling, next to Jeff. Kit, over there, and Lucinda—"

Lucinda Gregory was tiny, a mass of corn-gold curls caught up on top of her head with an absurdly rakish little emerald-green velvet bow that matched the bows scattered all down the front of her violet taffeta frock.

Her voice was full of laughter and when she smiled her nose crinkled enchantingly. She and Kit were very gay throughout dinner, teasing each other, keeping up a conversation that to Caroline seemed to be about nothing and yet intensely absorbing to them both. She hadn't realised before that Kit could talk nonsense; he and she, even in their engagement days, had discussed quiet, rather serious things.

The night-club was crowded and rather hazy with cigarette smoke, but Mavis had reserved a table. The dance floor was packed tight, but the band was a first-class one and Caroline felt a faint thrill of excitement. She loved dancing and she and Kit were really very good. Her eyes went across to him quickly, but he wasn't looking at her. He put his arm round Lucinda's slim waist and whisked her off into the thick of the crowd.

Kit danced once with Caroline during the long, noisy, hot evening; once and that rather perfunctorily, holding her loosely in his arms.

"What about giving a party here ourselves, Caroline?" he said suddenly. "I can join as a temporary member through Mavis and we could have it to-morrow evening—the same crowd would be rather fun. They all seem to be free."

"You won't be tired?" she asked and regretted the question as soon as it left her lips. His face seemed to stiffen.

"Good lord! Two late nights running aren't going to kill me!" he said.

The dance ended and without waiting for the encore he pushed a way for her back to their table. As they were seating themselves Lucinda put down her glass and said:

"Oh! Mrs. Collie, Kit says you're giving a party here to-morrow night. It's lucky that I've got it free. It's sweet of you to ask me. I'd love to come."

"I'm so glad," Caroline said and her face felt stiff.

She was very silent that night—or rather it was early morning—as she undressed in their hotel bedroom and went through her fixed ritual of hair brushing. Kit, yawning and more than half asleep, flung his clothes about the room and rolled into bed.

"IT'S been a good

evening, Caroline. Bit of a change after four months freezing and nearly dying of boredom. Good-night."

In a moment he was sound asleep, but even in his sleep there was something taut as though his body didn't quite relax under the sheet; as though his dreams were restless; and twice in the night he muttered out loud and tossed over feverishly. Caroline hardly slept at all.

Caroline ordered tea in the hotel lounge, tea for one, picked up an evening paper and concentrated her attention on it—so far as she could through a splitting headache and a queer, dull heartache. Her hands shook a little as she poured out the tea. Half-past five—and Kit had said he would be back to tea an hour ago.

She had cried off going to the cinema because of her head, and had half suggested that they should take the car and go for a run down by the river for a breath of spring air, but the idea had shrivelled up inside her almost before it was born.

Instead she had said quickly: "Why don't you ring up Lucinda and ask her to go to the film with you, Kit? She's probably free and I know you hate going alone."

It had been a grim little test that she had made up her mind to put then and there, and the slow beating of her heart had almost choked her as she waited for his answer.

"Well—would you mind, Caroline?" he said eagerly. "As a matter of fact I know she is free this afternoon and we could come back here to tea with you about half-past four, if you want to have a quiet afternoon. I'll ring her up now."

And now it was half-past five and he hadn't come back and they had been eight days in London. Seven late nights of dancing and shows and champagne; of strange, uneasy silence afterwards in the bedroom, of avoiding each other's eyes and both starting to make trivial conversation at the same moment. In five days Kit would be going back to his squadron, but it was just as though he had never been home to her at all.

Why? she thought miserably. Is it my fault? But how can it be?

Her thoughts stopped with a jerk. Kit was coming to her across the lounge, people's eyes following him, because he was still something of a public figure. Late nights didn't seem to affect him at all; he looked very brown and fit, if a little thinner, but his grey eyes never met hers as steadily as they once did.

Please turn to page 38

Berlei the "buyword" for VALUE

Berlei is the only true-to-type foundation, designed to fit your shape as well as your size.

This is an important distinction because the comfort and control and line a foundation gives all depend on fit. If a corset does not fit you it cannot do anything else for you.

Some Berleis are slender sheaths of lace-and-elastic. Others are firmly constructed to discipline rebellious curves. Whatever the needs of your figure or the limit of your purse, insist on a Berlei, be fitted by your Corsetiere, and you'll get most of everything that means VALUE.



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The ROSICRUCIANS
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Modern women spies need brains not beauty

Mata Hari technique outmoded by changed war conditions

Before and during the last world war the female spy was a courtesan. To-day in this war and all that led up to it the expert woman secret agent has had to be a serious-minded college graduate.

Within the last 20 years spying, for women, has changed enormously.

JANET FLANNER makes this point in "Fashions in Spies," one of the most interesting chapters in the entertaining book she has recently published, "An American in Paris."

"The pre-war spy of Europe," she says, "spent her days at the dress-maker's and the races, the evenings in the company of international under-secretaries who obligingly whispered State secrets into her diamond earrings."

"Her midnight, over champagne suppers, she gave to reporting her day's gleanings to her boss, a handsome military gent in frogged uniform and moustaches."

"To-day an A.I. woman spy, when a government is lucky enough to find one, has the equivalent of a university degree in chemistry or mathematics, or both; chemical formulas, ballistic figures and machinery computations are the basis of up-to-date warfare."

"She should be a good garage handyman, competent to drive and change tyres on half a dozen different makes of second-hand cars. She should be the sporting type who doesn't get seasick in aeroplanes or land sick of the discomforts of continuous train travel."

"In photography she must be beyond the beginner's stage and well into the stage of handling a good camera and able to do her own developing in a furnished-flat kitchen sink."

"She absolutely must speak English, French, and German, and ought to know how to read Italian and Spanish newspapers. She must have

no political view or fidelities; she must have a remarkably good aural and visual memory (anything important enough to be written down is important enough to be dangerous, if found). "She must be both decisive and obedient and never nervous. She mustn't drink. She must have, not a wardrobe of clinging, seductive evening gowns, but lots of woollies for hanging round airports and frontiers on business on cold days."

"The government that employs her is less interested in her boudoir than in her brain—though successful sex-appeal is no more a deterrent in the spy business than in any other."

"As a matter of record, most of the important women spies who in the last ten years have been good enough to be constantly watched and eventually arrested have been respectably and faithfully married to men spies."

"As for champagne drinking with their boss in the fashion of pre-war spies, the spys today probably know nothing about her chief except his cipher number, to which she writes."

Janet Flanner cites as two famous women spies, to illustrate the change in fashion, *Mati Hari* and *Madame Lydia Stahl*.

Mata Hari, the Dutch-Japanese dancer who was shot in Paris during the last war as a German spy, was a courtesan.

Madame Stahl, who was arrested in 1933 in France, and had been working for the Russian Government, was a college graduate.



MATA HARI, most famous of the "old-fashioned" women spies, was a Dutch-Japanese dancer. She was shot in Paris as a German spy.



ABOVE: Johanna Hofmann, hairdresser in Germany, was in 1938 sentenced to four years' imprisonment in America for giving U.S. defence information to Germany.

+

The French secret police had watched her for 13 years. She was finally sold out by a Finnish counter spy working for the German Government.

She was Russian by birth, educated in America and France, spoke five languages and could read a few more. She specialised in French land and sea armament figures, and above all in French economic policy.

Her French friends regarded her as an exceptionally bookish, art-loving private individual.

After her arrest it was found that

she had pasted French fortification plans on her Paris flat's parlor ceiling, and then pasted flowered wallpaper over them.

Janet Flanner's book is a collection of articles which she wrote while Paris correspondent for the "New Yorker" and other American magazines. She has revised them and brought them up to date. They include articles on such varied personalities as Schiaparelli and Hitler.

"An American in Paris," by Janet Flanner. Hamish Hamilton, London. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)



Soaps come. And soaps go. One year we are told that we ought to use a particular soap because it's so famous in Hollywood. Another year someone tries to frighten us into using another soap and we are told that engagements are broken off and married bliss destroyed all because of soap. Well, we don't know which soap will be fashionable next year. But we know which soap will still be famous fifty years from now—Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Its fame has been steadily growing since before the first steam tram appeared in Australia. Ever tried it?

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

11d. a Cake - - Bath size, 1/7
Including Sales Tax.

2.6.41



What does this cold think I am...
TRIPLETS?



"WEANING IS THE PROBLEM PERIOD," says Mrs. MOTHERWELL

"Baby may perhaps object to the change of food when weaning times arrives. Robinson's 'Patent' Groats should solve this difficulty. I've always found it most helpful. Robinson's Groats is a finely ground cereal food easily prepared. There is nothing like it for helping baby to develop sound and healthy bone and muscle. It is economical, too, which is important in these days."

ROBINSON'S
"PATENT" GROATS

"MY BOOK", a complete guide to infant feeding, will be sent if you write Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2515 BB, Sydney, and enclose 2d. stamp for return postage. 0211

MY NOSE IS STUFFY.
MY THROAT'S SORE.
MY CHEST IS TIGHT AND
I'VE GOT A COUGH!
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR
3 LITTLE FELLOWS
LIKE ME!

One Simple Treatment Reaches and
Relieves ALL These Miseries!

A BABY'S cold puts nose, throat, and chest all in danger. You can't expect to end his cold quickly unless you bring help to all these places.

There is a way to do just that—quickly...safely...and without any risk of upsetting his stomach! Simply give him a pleasant bedtime rub with Vicks VapoRub.

Works Two Ways

Rubbed on throat, chest, and back, VapoRub begins instantly to bring help straight to the places where help is needed...in two ways:

HEALING VAPOURS, released from VapoRub by the body warmth,

are breathed in all through the air-passages. Their on-the-spot medication soothes the irritated membranes of nose, throat, and chest—clears away clogging mucus and phlegm. Breathing becomes easy again. Coughing is relieved. At the same time...

LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain in chest and throat.

How comfy the little one feels! Breathing easily, coughing stopped, he gets a good night's rest, while VapoRub works hour after hour. Next morning, he is well on the way to being fit again!



26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

"Hullo, darling!"

he said. "Sorry I'm so late, but we— we dropped in for some tea in the cinema as Lucinda had to get home early to go to the hairdresser or something. I wouldn't mind a cup, though, if there's any knocking about."

She poured it out for him, struggling to find something to say through the numbed blankness that had come over her.

"Kit," she said, "are we staying any longer in town? I mean—you said we'd have a few days up here and then go home for the rest of your leave, I thought—"

"I know." He pulled out his cigarette case with a jerk. "But we're having pretty good fun, aren't we? And it doesn't seem worth settling down at home just for a few days. You have enough of it all while I'm away, darling." He looked at her suddenly as she sat

there with her face pale and her hair a tiny bit untidy and her lips colorless. "Caroline," he said, "why don't you try your hair the new way—like Mavis and Lucinda? It—it might suit you. And I saw a terribly attractive little hat in Bond Street this afternoon, a funny little red affair. Let's go out and buy it first thing to-morrow morning for you?"

But Caroline couldn't look at him, her lips were trembling, and everything was blurred in front of her eyes.

"It—it wouldn't go with any of my clothes, Kit," she said bitterly.

Towards midnight the club was packed to its utmost capacity, but in spite of that the band burst into an old-fashioned waltz and the first

couple on the floor were Kit and Lucinda. Under the bright lights she laughed up into his face, her slimness pressed against his uniform, her piled curls brushing his chin. Caroline made an abrupt movement, shaking her head when Jeff tentatively asked her if she'd like to join in.

"I—don't think I'll dance, Jeff. I've got a bit of a head and I think I'll slip out and see if I can get an aspirin. Don't bother about me."

She edged herself out of her seat and went quickly round the floor, but Mavis with a swift look at Jeff got up and followed her into the cloakroom.

"Caroline," Mavis said gently, "I know you didn't want me to come out after you, but I had to. You're

so unhappy. Tell me about it, Caroline."

Caroline dropped her lipstick with a little clatter and spoke in a numbed, tired voice, her blue eyes heavy.

"You know what it is, Mavis. It's Kit. I don't understand what's happened to him. I simply don't know him."

"Have a cigarette," Mavis said, quickly, and lit it for her. "Caroline," she went on slowly, "I wonder if you ever thought what Kit's been through these last months, ever since the war began. The weeks, months of grinding monotony that's so nerve tearing; the hardship, the responsibility of his daily work. And then something like that raid, something terrifically dangerous and important, and all resting on his shoulders. Have you?"

"Of course I have!" Caroline's lashes were wet. "I'm thinking about him every second of the day and the night."

"Yes, I know—but do you put yourself in his place, Caroline? Men are funny creatures. After they've been through a great ordeal they don't want rest and quiet and time to think. That means remembering the past and thinking about the future—and they don't want to do that either. Men like Kit—with his job—have to live all the time in the present. And it's got to be a gay, rather noisy present."

"But—Lucinda," Caroline whispered.

"She's just part of it, like the show he saw last night and the oysters he ate and the music he dances to, nothing more. When all this is over, the old Kit will come back, Caroline."

"But what can I do?" she said desperately.

Mavis looked at her sister thoughtfully. Then she said: "This is a new, strange world, Caroline, a crazy one, and it's not much use struggling against it. Not if you want to help Kit, to send him back at the end of his leave ready to meet anything. That's what you want to do, isn't it?"

"Yes," Caroline said quietly.

"Then—will you do as I say?"

"Anything you say, Mavis, that will help."

KIT was still sound asleep when Caroline dressed, swallowed a quick cup of tea, left a scrawled note on the tray and went down to Mavis' car, looking white but clear-eyed.

"That's fine," Mavis said cheerfully. "What's the programme? We're all lunching and going on to that charity gala, aren't we? And there's the Palfrey party to-night. You'll find the morning quite restful though. Did you leave a note for Kit to say where you'd gone?"

"Yes, I said we'd meet him at a quarter to one after I'd finished shopping with you."

"Right! Here goes then." Mavis started the car briskly.

At a quarter to one Kit and Lucinda were sitting in the restaurant lounge sipping sherries and waiting for the others. Lucinda's hair gleamed under an absurd little beflowered hat, and men passing their table glanced at her a second time. But Kit's attention seemed to be a trifle wandering this morning. He kept glancing at his watch and towards the entrance, his grey eyes faintly worried.

"Caroline's late," he said. "She went out before I was even awake this morning, though she must have been tired. I wonder—Sorry, Lucinda, what were you saying?"

Lucinda, with a faintly startled look, began to say it again but Kit still wasn't listening as he saw Mavis come through the swing door.

"There's Mavis," he said and then, anxiously, "but Caroline..."

And then he stopped short, staring incredulously at the slight figure just behind Mavis, a slight figure wearing a grey flowered frock under a short, swinging white coat, with a little red hat perched jauntily on shining curls brushed up from small ears and the nape of a white neck.

"Caroline!" Kit said with a sort of gasp and she smiled at him demurely her cheeks softly flushed.

"You didn't mind my slipping out so early, did you, Kit? I felt I needed a general 'doing-over' after so many late nights. And I've been terribly extravagant, darling—I've bought that evening frock you rather liked, the gold lace one. Are you furious with me?"

Continued from page 36

"Furious!" Kit said in a slightly dazed voice. "No, I—I'm glad, Caroline. Sit down and have a drink. What would you like?"

His hand on her arm steered her to a chair and lingered there after she had sat down. His eyes were suddenly bright.

The band was playing a quiet waltz, not a rampacious scurry, but a gentle, wistful one, and Kit and Caroline drifted round the room dreamily. The skirt of the gold lace frock swung out round her, her bare shoulders gleamed ivory white in the light, and the top curls of her hair just touched his chin. Lucinda, sitting at their table, swung one silver slipper to and fro and watched them, her lashes drooping, her red mouth sulky.

"Caroline," Kit said softly, "I've got some rather sickening news. I didn't want to tell you earlier in case it spoiled your evening but—I had a wire just before we came out to say that my leave has been cut down by a couple of days. I've only got two more left."

"Oh, Kit!" Caroline whispered under her breath, and then she lifted her chin and smiled at him. "It is sickening, darling, but—we've still got two whole days, haven't we? We'll get all the fun we can into them, and there'll be other leaves. We can make plans, can't we?"

"Have you really enjoyed this week?" he asked slowly. "You aren't too tired to stay on up here?"

"Kit, of course not! It's been lovely, hasn't it? I want you to enjoy yourself on leave, darling. There's the theatre to-morrow night, and we can beat up a little party afterwards. And—"

"Caroline," he said abruptly. "You're so sweet. You—understand. But darling, do you really want to spend these last two days up here? You wouldn't rather—go home, back to the country?"

As she didn't answer, he went on: "The hyacinths ought to be out by now. And I'm sure Ambrose needs another bath. And we could drive over to the wood and see if the first daffodils are showing up yet. Caroline, I'll get leave again and we can meet in London and enjoy ourselves. But—well let's go home, darling, first thing to-morrow morning, shall we? I—I don't seem to have been alone with you, I haven't talked to you about—things."

The fingers of the hand he was holding curled round his, and he could hardly hear her whisper as she said,

"Yes. Let's go home to-morrow, Kit."

(Copyright)

"War Nerves" give you Sleepless Nights?

How can you sleep when run-down nerves are keeping you jumpy, wakeful and worried? Drugs won't do—they only dope the system temporarily. What you should do is build up your nerve strength with Phosphorated Iron—a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets.

Phosphorated Iron restores, calms and strengthens weak, run-down nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. Read how it helped Mr. R. A. Hart, of 4 King Edward Street, Rockdale, N.S.W., to end his sleepless nights. Mr. Hart writes: "I am a returned soldier who has undergone 30 major operations for war wounds. My nerves were completely run down and I could not sleep. I have taken one bottle of Phosphorated Iron and now I can sleep without any drugs. I am feeling a new man already."

Decide now to build up your nerves, and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights this safe, positive way. Ask your chemist for Phosphorated Iron to-day.

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Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's *Vacuoid* is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. *Vacuoid* is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clifton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

NEW GIANT SIZE RINSO CONTAINS TWICE THE QUANTITY—saves money

ECONOMY NEWS EXTRA!

Rinso
GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

RINSO NOW IN 2 SIZES

IT'S THE BEST WASHDAY NEWS YET. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS FOR DAZZLING WHITES!

NO DOUBT ABOUT RINSO'S SUDS. THEY KEEP MY SILKS AND WOOLLENS NEW-LOOKING.

AND MUMMY ALWAYS USES RINSO TO KEEP COLOURS FRESH AND GAY

STOP PRESS! GREASY WASHING-UP done in a jiffy with Rinso

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Children's right to refuse food they dislike

CHILDREN to-day do not as a rule say what they want to eat (M. Henderson, 24/5/41), but more generally complain when given foods they do not like.

Parents who try to compel their children to eat and enjoy food that they like do so in vain.

The children may eat the dish, but not enjoy it.

I. Morrow, Ernest St., Belmont, N.S.W.

Provide choice

EVEN if some food can become an acquired taste, children should never be forced to eat things they really dislike.

When I was young I was made to eat roast potatoes which I could scarcely swallow.

There seemed no real reason for that dislike, but it remained throughout childhood, and even now, in



Should be allowed to refuse.

middle-age, the sight of a roast potato can affect my enjoyment of a meal.

There is always an alternative food to provide the necessary vitamins if a child has a special dislike of anything.

Miss L. Graham, Beach Rd., Sandringham, Vic.

Training neglect

WE are all entitled to our particular dislikes as well as favorites in food.

But when children become too faddy with their food, and a trouble to others, it is easily seen that the parents have been neglectful in the early training of their children.

Miss G. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Unwise selection

SIMPLE rules of diet are available to every mother these days.

The child who wants to choose its own food should not be permitted to do so, because its selection would hardly be likely to contain the amount of nourishment that is needed.

Mrs. K. Wells, P.O., Glen Osmond, Adelaide.

WASTE OF TIME

A FRIEND said to me recently, "Whenever I see you on the verandah you are reading. Don't you think it a great waste of time?" She remarked that reading was quite right for men, but she thought women could employ their leisure hours in many better ways.

If women are to converse intelligently with men, they must have some real knowledge of the subjects they wish to discuss.

What better method is there for a busy woman to acquire this than by reading, provided she reads the best literature available?

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

SPARE THE TRADESMAN

IS it fair that so many people, when wanting to dispose of raffle tickets, etc., make a practice of asking the tradesmen to buy?

These men are placed in a very unfair position; if they refuse they lose customers, yet if they purchased from all who asked them they would have to give up the best part of their wages.

Dorothy Hearne, 18 Hill St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

PETTY SQUABBLES

WHY does so much enmity exist between people? Almost every second person appears to have a grievance against someone else.

One finds petty squabbles in the sports clubs, in the war efforts, and church societies.

Often a worthy war effort has been abandoned because of the hostility between the organisers.

Yet unity is so vital to winning the war.

Ailsa Knight, Cullengoral, Beryl, N.S.W.

SPARE THE IRON

WITH so much war work to be done we women should cut down on unnecessary tasks as much as possible.

If all housewives left pillowslips, tea- and face-towels, work clothes, and underwear for the family ironed, as well as the mangling of sheets, time would be saved that could be devoted to making army equipment.

Mrs. I. M. Hall, Taylorville, via Morgan, S.A.

Endowment for soldier's child

AS the Federal Government has made it necessary for a mother to have more than one child to qualify for child endowment, I think some provision should be made for the wife and child of a man in the fighting forces.

The fighting man's wife has little to keep herself and her child, and the little extra that child endowment would provide would mean a lot to her.

Surely she, with her husband abroad fighting, is entitled to endowment more than any other woman.

El for this letter to Merle Allen, 82 Westbrook St., East Kew, Vic.

Did home comfort depart with the antimacassar?

MODERN homes are not any less comfortable than the old-fashioned ones, Mrs. Richards (24/5/41).

Suites can be obtained in colors that will stand up to wear, and are better than the straight-backed, horsehair-covered ones of a generation ago, with their antimacassars.

Nor could the "nobby" springs of the old-time couch compare for comfort with those of to-day.

A radiator has many advantages over a log fire. It is cleaner, and can be switched off if a room becomes too hot.

Best of all, it can be moved from place to place, thus warming the whole room. This prevents freezing on one side and frizzling on the other, as is the case with a wood fire.

Mrs. John Richards, Won Wron, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Far more healthy

MODERN furniture is designed to help us to get as much air and sunshine as possible.

Just think of those stuffy old rooms crowded beyond bearing with heavy furniture and velvet curtains. And the chairs and couches weren't very comfortable either.

If some of the modern streamlined chairs look uncomfortable, one only has to sit in them to discover how much better they are than the old-fashioned badly-sprung seats.

Mrs. J. Browne, P.O., Tasmare, S.A.

Likes old style

MODERN furnished homes have very little comfort.

I wouldn't exchange my old-fashioned furnished home, with its couch, rocking chair, and cheery log fire, for any modern home.

Give me the comfort and homely atmosphere of the old-style furniture every time.

Mrs. J. Featherstone, Aola, William St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Fashion whim

WHAT fashion dictates most of us accept, because it is the fashion.

Notice how, from the ultra-streamlined furniture and prison-like bareness of walls, we are returning to the soft curtains, big, comfortable chairs and cushions.

It seems to suggest that our home decorators are trying to combine the best features of all period furniture, so perhaps soon we will have the perfect home to suit everyone.

Mrs. H. R. Thompson, White Horse Rd., Box Hill, Vic.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1. and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

LIKE TO SHARE PAPER

WHY do some visitors staying in the home always like to take possession of the daily paper and read aloud everything of interest.

Personally, I like to relax for an hour in the afternoon and read my paper, and nothing is more annoying than to be expected while in the midst of the household tasks to "stop and listen."

Mrs. Stan Davey, Dudley St., Rochester, Vic.

SELFISH MIDDLE AGE

I HAVE heard several middle-aged women remark that they "did their bit" in the last war and are doing nothing in this because they think it is "up to" the younger ones. Certainly the younger ones have the most to win or lose in the issues of this war, but the fact remains that the older women have more time and money, thereby carrying a greater responsibility.

These selfish women are certainly put to shame by the "Old Diggers" who, at great personal sacrifice in many cases, have again rallied at their country's call to serve in garrison and defence corps.

Ruby McGrath, Box 57, Brookton, W.A.

NO ENEMY GOODS

RECENTLY, on finishing a knitted cardigan, I took it to town to get buttons to match.

I was horrified, when I came to put these buttons on, to find stamped on the back of each one "German."

I think it is deplorable that Australia should allow any firm, large or small, to sell buttons or any goods made in an enemy country.

Miss S. F. King, 41 Russell St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

EVERYONE should cultivate a good neighbor.

There is no necessity to be always in and out of each other's homes, but if sickness, worries, or troubles arise, it is a refresher to have someone to talk to.

They will at least take an interest in your possessions and you could reciprocate, especially so when holidaying, as it is good to know that your homes are being cared for.

Mrs. M. Henderson, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

Are any marriages free from real quarrels?

MARRIED life would be very monotonous if husband and wife agreed on every subject (Mrs. D. Mark, 24/5/41).

The only homes where quarrelling does not occur are those where a wife has no opinions other than those expressed by her husband, and who is quite satisfied that he is always right.

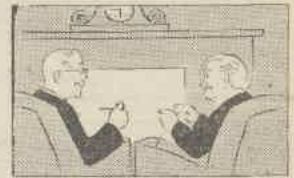
Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Pde., Alderley, Brisbane.

Clears the air

WE can "take it with a grain of salt" when anyone tells us that his or her married life is free from quarrels.

A few heated words occasionally clear the air and create a better understanding.

Anyway, anyone who missed the



Arguments are soon forgotten.

quarrels of married life would also miss the joys of making up.

Mrs. R. Fleicher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Can be avoided

WHILE it is impossible that some slight arguments should not arise between married couples, I am sure there are hundreds who have never had a real quarrel.

Two people who love and understand each other are able to avoid the pitfalls of misunderstanding which lead to quarrels.

I cannot see that it is necessary for the wife to become just an echo of her husband in her opinions to ensure continuous matrimonial peace.

R. N. Greene, North Rd., Brighton, Vic.

Would be inferior

OF course it is impossible for a happily-married couple to live always in complete harmony.

If a wife agrees with her husband about everything it shows that she is either his intellectual inferior or is too lazy or afraid to express her own opinion.

Joan Hogg, Barn Hill Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG!



CRACKING THE SHELL OF A BOILED EGG DOES NOT PREVENT IT GOING HARD.



CHEQUES ARE NOT NEW! IN OVID'S DAY (AD 17) CHEQUES WERE LEGAL TENDER.



A BOIL DOES NOT NECESSARILY CLEAN OUT THE BLOOD AND TUNE UP THE SYSTEM.



QUICK EATING DOES NOT NECESSARILY CAUSE INDIGESTION.

BUT 95% INDIGESTION IS CAUSED BY EXCESS ACID IN THE STOMACH.

When that excess acid forms in your stomach—you get indigestion. That's why you must neutralise excess hydrochloric acid. Blurred Magnesia does this—and stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Blurred Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant and lasting relief. 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard size.

Put An End To Those CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES

With The Aid Of

Zam-Buk

THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all the time if you follow this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation.

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened by Zam-Buk, and real foot comfort is yours once again. Zam-Buk is equally good for chilblains on the hands. 1/7 or 3/8 a box.



Navy, Army or Air Force.

Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



For Baby's bath...
THE PUREST SOAP IN THE WORLD

YOU can look right into the heart of a tablet of Pear's—its purity can be seen. That clear transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pear's is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin.

10.10.33

HE

glanced up once when he heard his name and found Mrs. Brattle's eyes on his tweed suit as she said to Mr. DeWild, "My daughter's husband simply lives for his work." And it seemed indicated to say, "Sorry I'm not dressed; I came straight here from the hospital." But he didn't make any effort to join her or Sue, who seemed to be having an animated conversation with Mrs. DeWild.

When the DeWilds got up to leave, before long, he said: "Good-bye; nice to have met you," but he hardly looked up. Mr. Welton was telling him about his troubles in France in 1918. His biggest problem, he was saying, had been feet.

He moved over beside Sue as soon as the Weltons left, the way one always moves towards the most familiar face in a strange room.

"We'd better get along, too, Susie," he murmured, then with some satisfaction: "Glad I could get here to take you home anyway." There was a silence at this, an expecting sort of silence, so he said: "I'm awfully sorry if I spoil the party, but this woman was really sick."

One More Guinea Pig

Continued from page 6

There was another silence before Mrs. Brattle said, "Couldn't someone else have taken care of her just as well?"

"Lots of people, probably better, but I'm trying out this new medicine and can't miss a chance to collect evidence on it." Nobody responded to this explanation, so he said, "I'll bring the car around, Sue," and went out.

He could hear Sue's mother talking on the other side, when he came up to the door, but she had stopped by the time he opened it. She kissed Sue and said, "Good night, Robert." Then, as they reached the foot of the steps, she said "Robert" again.

Bob had always thought he liked a controlled, well-modulated voice, but control and modulation could be overcome, he thought now, even while admiring, grudgingly, his mother-in-law's statuesque beauty in the moonlight. Standing there she looked scarcely older than her daughter.

"Robert," she repeated, when he stopped, "we'll assume that you couldn't help being kept at the hospital this evening, but it seems to me that when you did arrive you might have paid Mrs. DeWild a little more attention. The DeWilds are very wealthy and influential people, and you knew I had asked them entirely for you."

"I'm sorry," he said; and he didn't want to, but something made him add, "I didn't think she'd want to talk to a tweed suit."

"There is no objection to a tweed suit," she said, and her voice was patient, "especially when everyone understands there has been an emergency, but I have known doctors who could act like gentlemen, doctors who really wanted to succeed and were even not above making a slight effort to get themselves some patients."

"Patients." He shrugged. "I've lots of patients—more than I have time to see some days."

"Paying patients?"
Bob looked at her sharply.

"No

doctor has many paying patients the first ten years," he exaggerated cheerfully, trying to hold onto words inside of him that were struggling to get away. "What I really want is more patients with pneumonia; and speaking of pneumonia, Mrs. Brattle, you'd better go in the house before you catch cold." Then the words all at once did get away. "I'm sorry if I'm a trial to Sue, but, frankly, I don't give a hoot whether I'm a disappointment to you or not." In silence then he walked with Sue to the car and got in.

He started the car, and then started to tell her he was sorry, but he saw she was crying, and you can't talk to a woman when she's crying, so he drove home in silence.

They both tried to pretend nothing had happened when they woke up the next morning, but it was a long, grim day for Sue. Saturdays were always extra bad. Clinics and ward rounds and surgery hours kept Bob tied up till just before dinner.

Her mother phoned about noon and said she knew how hard last night must have been for her baby. She said she had a bad cold from standing out in the wind, and managed to imply that her son-in-law had forced her to stand there. Sue was sorry about the cold, but hearing about it didn't make her feel any better.

Sundays they always went to the Brattles' for a conventional midday family dinner. They never talked about whether they wanted to go that particular Sunday; they just always went.

Sue phoned next morning to see how her mother was, and heard that her mother was in bed, but expecting them to dinner. They always went to the family for Sunday dinner. Sue didn't suggest that Bob go up with her to see her mother when they reached the house, but when she saw the ordinarily white, firm skin of her mother's face looking flushed and drawn she suddenly, illogically, wished that he were there.

"Won't you let Bob look at you, mother?" Her words were tentative, but anxious.

"Oh, I don't think I'll bother him," Mrs. Brattle started politely enough, and then in a burst, "I know he's your husband, Sue, and I'm sorry, but Robert Janner is the last doc-

tor I'd call, even if I were dying. Anybody with as little ordinary horse sense as he has couldn't be a good doctor, and after the way he behaved the other night I wouldn't let him near me, even if he were good."

"He's sorry about the other night, mother," said Sue gently, feeling cold and numb inside, and perfectly aware that Bob hadn't said he was, "and you mustn't think about anything now that will upset you. But you ought to have a doctor, and I'll ask Doctor Drake to call in this afternoon."

They talked about Finland at dinner, and what a tough winter it had been, and her father's golf score, and Bob was polite and attentive and her father polite and chatty. I've been married a whole year, Sue kept thinking, and my father and husband act as if they'd just met. It can't go on like this.

She was relieved when the door-bell rang while they were having coffee, and it was Doctor Drake.

Sue took him to her mother, watched the tapping and temperature taking and chest thumping, and felt relieved when the doctor patted her mother's shoulder and said, "You stay in bed like a good girl, now, and we'll have you right again in no time."

But outside the door his smile vanished and he said, "We'd better get a nurse to keep her quiet, and if she isn't better to-morrow I'll have Miller from the university look at her. Now there's no reason for alarm." He patted her shoulder just as he had patted her mother's. "I don't think it'll develop into pneumonia, but I don't want to take any chances."

Pneumonia. This was bad pneumonia weather, Bob had said.

"She's sicker than we realised," she answered her father's and husband's inquiring eyes expressionlessly when she went back to them. "He says it isn't pneumonia yet, but he's getting a nurse."

"Pneumonia, Sue. What a shame." But Bob couldn't keep his face from lighting up with interest as he added, "What's he going to try?"

"It isn't pneumonia yet," she repeated angrily. "He's going to wait and see."

"Pneumonia's a bad thing to wait and see about. I wish—"

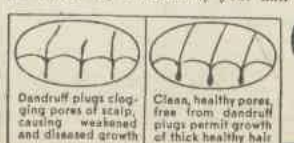
"He knows what he's doing, Bob. He ought to. He's been doing it for about thirty years. He's going to call a consultation if she isn't better to-morrow."

To every woman who cherishes her hair

Are you honestly satisfied with your hair? Or does your mirror tell a sad, unflattering tale of dull, lifeless locks... does it show ugly dandruff flakes, with a dry, unhealthy-looking scalp?

Don't think you must put up with "ordinary" hair, for the secret of rich, luxuriant locks is simple—Crystolis vitalising treatment! Act now to give your hair rich, glowing lustre, to soon develop a strong, luxuriant growth—shimmering with the "life" and sparkle of perfect health... begin massaging Crystolis Rapid into your scalp to-night.

Tingling, deep-penetrating Crystolis acts three ways to beautify your hair



"I WISH he'd call it to-night, if there's any question. Pneumonia works too darn fast to fool with. What's he giving her, Sue? Did he tell you?"

Scientific curiosity was so obviously interlarding his sympathy that she couldn't bear it. "Why don't you go and ask him, if you're so darn curious? Maybe you could give him some good advice!" she burst out.

"Maybe I could," he said quietly. "I've been seeing a lot of pneumonia lately. Matter of fact, I would call him up if I thought there was any chance he'd try this drug I'm working on. It's had some amazing results with incipient pneumonia."

"Bob"—she stood up, and she was shaking—"I've tried and tried to have sympathy with this experimental work of yours, but when it comes to wanting to use your own wife's mother for one of your guinea pigs, well, I think it's about the most callous thing I've ever heard."

"Susan is right," said her father reproachfully. "You can't use an untried medicine on a person like Susan's mother. Doctor Drake wouldn't even consider it."

Bob looked at his wife, and then at her father, and then back at his wife, with a curious, dissecting look. "I know he wouldn't," he said. "I think I might as well go home and work on that paper of mine. Let me know when you want to come home, Sue, and I'll come for you."

"I'll spend the night here. I wouldn't want to leave mother till she's better." Her tone implied that if he had any decency he wouldn't either, but he didn't seem to hear it.

The rest of the day and the night that followed stumbled along and Doctor Drake came very early the next morning. Sue could hear him phoning and heard the words "oxygen tent" and felt cold all over.

Bob phoned in the morning. He didn't suggest coming out, but he phoned again at noon and when she told him about the oxygen tent he said, "Look, Sue, don't you think—" but then didn't say anything more except "Nothing. I'm terribly sorry. Wish I could help somehow."

He phoned again at dinner-time and said he'd be out after the meeting. "Your mother doesn't need me, I know," he said, and his voice was a little thin. "But maybe you might, Sue," and hung up before she had a chance to say she did or she didn't.

Meanwhile Doctor Miller came. She could hear them consulting in the hall, could hear snatches of what they were saying.

Please turn to page 42



FRONT TEETH COST EIGHT SHILLINGS BACK TEETH FOUR SHILLINGS in the Days of ALFRED THE GREAT!

OLD Superstition
IF YOU CARRY THE BACK TOOTH IN YOUR POCKET YOU WILL NEVER WANT FOR MONEY

OPPIUM FOR TOOTHACHE!
HERE IS AN OLD REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE: TO CURE TOOTHACHE SO THAT IT WILL NEVER ACHIE AGAIN, DISSOLVE A PIECE OF OPPIUM THE SIZE OF A SMALL PEA IN SPIRIT OF TURPENTINE. PLACE IT IN A HOLLOW TOOTH

DR. J. LEON WILLIAMS PROVED TOOTH DECAY DUE TO "BACTERIAL MOUTH"

THIS FAMOUS DOCTOR SHOWED THAT TOOTH DECAY OCCURS ONLY WHERE BACTERIAL PLAQUES (FILMS) ARE PRESENT. KOLYNOS STOPS "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY BY REMOVING THE DANGEROUS FILM. KOLYNOS CLEANS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY. LEAVES THEM SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE

KOLYNOS IS MOST ECONOMICAL IT LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. NAILS AN INCH IN DEPTH BRUSHES OFF FILM

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/6

CRYSTOLIS

Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY
JUNE MARSDEN

Geminians are often called the "jitterbugs" of the zodiac. This can be true of most of them, but it is a libel against the others.

THE truth is that the majority of Geminians—people born between May 22 and June 22—cannot (or will not) learn concentration, steadfastness and contentment.

Those who do can reach almost any heights of endeavor, for they are natural seekers after knowledge.

They ask more questions in an hour than most people ask in a week; they read the minutest details in magazines, newspapers or books; they seldom miss any item the brain can absorb, the ears hear, or the eyes see.

They also have a delicate sense of touch, and usually prove exceedingly clever in any work which demands the use of hands and brain at the same time.

Thus they are found excelling as artists, actors, lecturers, teachers, designers, writers, dressmakers, typewriters, machinists, and musicians.

In short, Geminians are clever and adaptable, but they must earn their rewards along the hard road—the road of caution, attention to detail and reliability.

These are difficult lessons for Geminians to learn, but they are necessary for success.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Quite good for many Arians on June 17 (after noon), 18, and 19. Go for modest advancements and gains, and look out for small opportunities then.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Just a week of days for most Taurians, though June 14 can be slightly difficult, and June 20 and 21 just helpful. Best plan will be to try to consolidate recent gains.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): A rather muddled week for many. June 14 can be fortunate and should be utilized for starting new ventures, making changes, asking favors, seeking promotion and gains. June 17 (after noon), 18, and 19 very fair; but June 15, 16, and 17 (early) poor.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Not an important week for most Cancerians though the first glow of future opportunities may appear and should be encouraged. Also, get all outstanding matters out of hand and leave yourself free for action along new lines in the very near future. Meanwhile June 18, 19, and 17 (very early) fair; June 17 (late), 18, and 19 poor.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Many Leonians can use the radiations of June 17 (after noon), 18, and 19 to get quite good results if they plan wisely and constructively. But don't demand the impossible. Seek modest gains, changes, or favors. Be cautious on June 15, 16, and 22.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): Not a good time to grow too confident or to start new ventures or break away from routine. Try to avoid delays, difficulties, arguments and worries or upsets, especially on June 15, 16, and 17 (s.m.).

LIBRA (September 24 to October 24): A good time can be had by most Librans this week in the way of advancement, pleasure, gains, beneficial changes and opportunities. Make the most of June 14. Next best, June 17 (p.m.), 18, and 19. As the coming weeks must be lived quietly, do all you can to get ahead now.

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 23): Good times very near, but the present likely to be uneventful excepting for showing in the lives of a few, the first glimmerings of future opportunities and pleasure. Plan ahead constructively, but do not act along new lines yet. Concentrate instead on finalizing outstanding and routine matters. June 14, 20, and 21 poor; June 15, 16, and 17 (very early) just fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Be on guard against losses, disappointments, opposition, upsets, enforced changes or partings. Carelessness can now get you into trouble, especially on June 15, 16, and 17 (early). Try to live quietly and avoid discord.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Get important things done now, if they cannot wait for a month or two. There is not much help for you now. June 20 and 21 best, but weak. June 17, 18, 19 slightly poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Try to get ahead, making changes, seeking favors and promotion, gains or pleasure. Make good use of June 14 (noon), or 17 (after noon), 18, or 19. June 20 and 21 poor.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Difficulties, delays, worries and upsets are likely now, especially on June 15, 16, and 17 (morning). Good times just ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have agreed to help **DR. WHITE:** Of the Orient Museum, to solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy, in spite of the protests of **DR. BENDAR:** Assistant Curator. Accompanied by

SONNY WHITE: Daughter of Dr. White, they enter the museum at night. They become separated and Sonny disappears. When Mandrake hears a low, moaning noise, and sees a mummy case move, he forces it open, and Sonny falls out half-dazed.

NOW READ ON:

JUST AFTER YOU LEFT, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVING. I TOOK A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE--SOMETHING GRABBED ME--I STARTED TO RUN--

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT GRABBED YOU--OR HOW YOU GOT INTO THE MUMMY CASE?

NO--IT WAS PITCH DARK--I MUST HAVE FAINTED

WHERE'S MY CAMERA? I TOOK A PICTURE! WE CAN DEVELOP THE FILM--AND SEE--

YOUR CAMERA IS SMASHED--THE FILM RUINED! EITHER YOU DROPPED IT--OR IT WAS PURPOSELY SMASHED!

WE'RE IN THE MUSEUM OFFICE, DR. WHITE. I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME RIGHT DOWN. WE'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU. YES, SONNY'S ALL RIGHT. JUST A LITTLE SHAKEN.

SONNY, MY CHILD--WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M--I'M NOT QUITE SURE. YOU'D BETTER ASK MANDRAKE, DAD.

SONNY WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE MUSEUM. SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW SOMETHING MOVING IN THE DARK. SHE TOOK A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE. SHE FELT SOMETHING GRAB HER. THEN SHE FAINTED.

HER CAMERA WAS SMASHED AND WE FOUND HER IN THAT EMPTY MUMMY CASE.

EMPTY MUMMY CASE? BUT MANDRAKE, THAT CASE ISN'T EMPTY. IT CONTAINS THE MUMMY OF SETI-ANHK-AMEN, AN ANCIENT KING OF UPPER EGYPT.

BUT, DR. WHITE, THE MUMMY CASE IS EMPTY. WE JUST TOOK SONNY OUT OF IT.

WELL, WE'LL SEE WHICH CASE YOU MEAN. FIRST, LET'S GET SOME LIGHTS ON.

THIS IS THE CASE.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE ONE. IT'S NOT EMPTY, MANDRAKE. IT CONTAINS THE MUMMY OF SETI-ANHK-AMEN, A KING WHO DIED SEVEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

YOU'RE MISTAKEN DOCTOR. IT IS EMPTY.

WE'LL SEE.

MANDRAKE, PLEASE EXPLAIN TO DR. BENDAR WHAT HAPPENED HERE LAST NIGHT.

SONNY WAS LEFT ALONE FOR A FEW MOMENTS. WE HEARD HER SCREAM. WHEN WE RETURNED, SHE'D VANISHED. WE FOUND HER IN THE MUMMY CASE.

SHE SAID SOMETHING TOUCHED HER, BUT SHE COULDN'T SEE IN THE DARK, AND FAINTED.

AND YOU FOUND HER IN THE EMPTY MUMMY CASE? BUT I UNDERSTAND THAT THE CASE IS NOT EMPTY!

IF IT WERE EMPTY, WE COULD ASSUME THAT SONNY BECAME FRIGHTENED AND WENT INTO THE CASE, HERSELF. SINCE THE CASE CONTAINS A MUMMY, WE'D HAVE TO IMAGINE THE MUMMY WALKING OUT--AND WALKING IN AGAIN! NONSENSE!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE THAT YOU ENGINEERED THE WHOLE THING, IS IT, MANDRAKE? YOU'RE ON A FEE! THE LONGER THE MYSTERY OF THE WALKING MUMMY LASTS--THE BIGGER YOUR FEE!

TO BE CONTINUED

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

"PRETTY serious condition," she heard, and then, "May have to try serum, but hope to heaven this isn't Type Three. Haven't found serum much good on that type." Then a pause, and then, "Still one more possibility . . . new work at the University . . . pretty experimental. Hate to try it unless—"

Then both the doctors went downstairs.

The day continued to stumble along and Doctor Drake came again and said not to worry, and went into her mother's room, and then came out and did some telephoning.

"Got that lab. report yet?" Sue heard him asking the telephone. . . . "What'd you find?" . . . "Yes?" . . . "Which type?" . . . "H'm! Thanks." Then she heard him dialling another number. "Doctor Millen?" . . . "Oh . . . Oh . . ."

When do you think I'll be able to reach him? . . . "Oh. Thank you," and he hung up.

"He was called out of town on another consultation," he told her. "They think he'll be back for the meeting of the academy this evening. Now don't go to pieces, Sue. Your mother's sick, but we're doing everything we can."

Sue didn't go to pieces, but suddenly she wanted Bob.

"Doctor Drake," she said, "won't you let me ask Bob to come out? He's doing work on pneumonia, you know, and perhaps—"

"Why, certainly, Sue." She wanted to scream at his soothing voice. "After Doctor Millen gets here, we couldn't go over his head, you know."

She knew. She'd been a doctor's wife long enough for that. She asked Doctor Drake if he wouldn't have dinner while they waited, and she and he and her father sat down and ate and chatted in a civilised fashion. But she didn't taste much. She kept wanting Bob.

It seemed an unbearable time before Doctor Drake looked at his watch and said he might try to get Millen at the meeting. She didn't breathe while he dialled the number and gave the name. She felt as if she couldn't take a deep enough

One More Guinea Pig

Continued from page 40

breath of relief when she heard him say, "Millen? . . . Glad you got back. I'm at the Brattles'. It is Type Three . . . You don't advise serum? . . . What? . . . No. I don't suppose so. I wish you'd come out . . . Yes? . . . Anything's better than nothing now. Bring him, by all means." He hung up, and she knew he had given up hope, and then she wanted Bob so badly that professional ethics didn't matter.

"Doctor Drake," she said, "I don't care what Doctor Millen thinks or what you think. I'm going to call Bob," and didn't wait for him to answer; just went to the phone herself. Bob would be at the meeting too.

"Is Doctor Janner there?" She didn't think of his paper till somebody at the other end said: "He's about to give a report, I think. I'll see if he can talk to you before—"

Then there was a long silence; then the voice said: "Doctor Janner has just been called away. Perhaps if you try the hospital—"

The hospital. She sat there, looking at the phone. It was always coming between her and Bob, always claiming him when she needed him.

The doorbell rang while she was still sitting looking at the telephone. That would be Doctor Millen, but what did it matter?

It was Doctor Millen, but behind him was Bob.

"Bob." She moved towards him, amazed.

"Hello, baby." He threw her a soft, quick smile, but he didn't come over to her. He was being introduced to Doctor Drake, and Doctor Drake was saying, "So you're the young pneumonia expert I've been hearing about. Sue should have told me." And then all three of them were going upstairs. Upstairs? Bob and those two doctors. Bob? Why, they'd sent for him. Why, Bob was going to consult on her mother. Her mother. She felt a hysterical giggle rising as they disappeared.

Bob came down after a while and said he would spend the night. Doctor Millen was introduced to her and said something about how proud she must be of her husband, and then said something to Bob about a meeting and getting back.

And Bob looked at his watch and shrugged and said, "Too late."

And Doctor Millen smiled at him, a funny smile, and said, "Research men are born that way, I guess, Bob," and went out.

They were giving her mother the new drug, she realised, but what if it didn't work? And the next morning it looked as if it wasn't going to.

Doctor Drake and Doctor Millen were both there. Bob went off to the hospital and came back, and went off again and came back, and it had been twenty-four hours and he still didn't say anything about whether her mother was going to get well. "We don't know, baby," was all he would say. "We started it pretty late." There was no reproach in his voice, just calm statement of fact.

HE gave her a capsule to make her sleep, and she drifted off and woke to silence and darkness. She stumbled out of bed and to the door of her mother's room. She started to open the door, and then it opened itself, and Bob came out.

"Don't go in now, Sue," he said; his face was drawn.

"You don't have to tell me," she whispered. "I know. I can tell from the way you look."

"No, you can't." He smiled faintly. "This is a lack-of-sleep look, baby. Your mother's better. Not well yet, but better. She has a good chance now." He carried her back to bed and she drifted off again.

The sun was shining and someone was knocking at the door. It was the upstairs maid with a tray.

"Your mother is better"—she smiled—"and Doctor Janner's gone

to the hospital, and says he'll be back at eleven, and to tell you and those doctors if they come in."

Sue took the lid off the toast. She was hungry and knew just how everything was going to taste, and then couldn't eat, after all, because her throat was full of something or other. Her mother was better, and Bob had done it. He'd come at the very last minute—come from a meeting. A meeting? Why, his meeting where he was going to give his paper—his precious paper that stood for all the past year of work. He'd dropped that to come to her and her mother.

It was funny, when she went to her mother's room, to hear the nurse say, "Come in, Mrs. Janner. Doctor Janner said it would be all right for a little while."

"Hello, mother," she said. "Feeling better?"

"Much better, darling. Was I very ill?" Mrs. Brattle sounded a bit vague. "Wasn't that Bob who came in several times during the night? It was nice of him to stay and help."

Sue sat down beside her, smiling quietly, thinking proudly of her husband. She was still smiling when Doctor Drake came in, and he was smiling, too.

"Perhaps from now on you'll mind your son-in-law," he scolded. "Young Janner tells me he warned you not to stand around in the wind. Very fortunate to have such a son-in-law, Mrs. Brattle."

"Oh, to be sure." Her mother was her old gracious self. "He was really very helpful last night. You must have told him exactly what to do, Doctor Drake."

"I tell him?" Doctor Drake stared, and then grinned a little wryly. "My dear lady, he told me what to do; Millen too. Millen brought him out the night before last, just as you were about to tumble over the edge. Quite an expert on pneumonia, that young man, Mrs. Brattle. Been hearing about him, but not by name. Had no idea it was your son-in-law. You must be very proud."

Sue glanced nervously at her mother. The shock. But apparently there wasn't any shock. Her mother was lying back, smiling with a vaguely proprietary air.

"I always said Bob Janner had the makings of a famous physician, if he just had the proper encouragement," she said.

"Incidentally"—Doctor Drake's eyes were twinkling—"Mr. Brattle should be grateful he's in the family. His care of you during the last two days might run into quite a figure at fifty dollars a visit."

"Fifty dollars"—Mrs. Brattle's vagueness vanished for a moment—"a boy like Bob."

THAT or more. And well worth it, I should say off-hand. He saved your life," said Doctor Drake dryly. "He's a specialist, my dear lady."

The vague look had come back to her mother's face. "I'm sure I'm very grateful," she said, and closed her eyes. Doctor Drake nodded towards the door, and Sue tiptoed out. She wanted to see Bob, who had left his moment of triumph to save her mother's life. She wanted to see Bob, and there he was, coming up the stairs. She rushed down them and into his arms.

"Bob"—her voice was muffled by his coat—"you've been so marvellous. I'll spend the rest of my life trying to make up to you for thinking you were unfeeling and impractical. We're all so grateful, Bob."

"Whoa, baby." He held her off and looked down at her and half grinned. "If you're practical, you stay at meetings and read your own papers to the other guys. But when Millen said this pneumonia seemed to be at the last gasp, and he'd like me to try the new stuff—"

"And you knew it was mother," she interrupted proudly. "Why, being you, you couldn't let anything stand in the way, not even your career."

"Whoa, baby," he interrupted her again. "Gosh knows I'm glad it was your mother, and gladder still that the stuff worked. But as a matter of honest fact, I didn't know where we were going till we drove in this driveway. It was just"—he kissed her quickly and then pulled her back where he wouldn't have to look at her—"just one more guinea pig till I got here, I'm afraid."

She ought to be angry, but his arms around her were too comfortable and solid. She ought to be indignant. He hadn't any right to talk that way about her mother. But she was too bewildered for indignation. Then he hadn't changed. He was impossible.

He was always going to be vague and antisocial and impersonal and visionary. Her family might learn to respect him, but they'd never learn to love him. He'd insult them too often and never know it. He had saved her mother's life, and it was nothing to him but one more case for the record, one more step in his research job. But he'd saved her mother's life—he and his old guinea-pig complex. He was going to save a lot of lives before he was through.

And he was hers. And she was glad. Her arms tightened possessively and oddly protectively.

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MRS. B. WINTER.

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BonKora's triple action reduces at triple speed. That is why so many have found that this easy treatment succeeds where more strenuous diets, baths, and exercises failed. Get your bottle of BonKora from the chemist today, and start right away to gain the slender, youthful figure you want.

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Use less polish to get a brighter, quicker shine. You can when you use Nugget; its extra "body" means you need less on the brush, less on the shoe. Nugget spreads further—more evenly. It shines brilliantly, more speedily. And it penetrates deeper to preserve the leather—to give extra suppleness and to ward off the "crows-foot" cracks. There is only ONE 'Nugget'—See you get it!

RP 50/13

BLACK, DARK TAN, MILITARY TAN, BLUE, & WHITE CLEANER

Confound the Odds

Continued from page 5

A CRISP voice at the door asked, "But what?" We turned and saw Gary.

"But," Medway said coolly, "it would make me feel a lot better if you took a jump to-morrow. Bunting is going to try again."

"If I took a jump to-morrow, all it would prove would be that I was scared to-day."

"And weren't you?" Medway asked.

"No," Gary replied. He looked at us for a moment as if daring us to say anything, then went away. There was a lot of talk after that about whether he'd been scared or not.

I didn't want the crowd thinking Gary was yellow. Besides, there was Linda.

So, before I left the next day, I had a quiet word with Linda. "It's a question of his career," I said. She seemed unmoved so I called in Jane's aid. We urged Linda to ask Gary to make a jump. "But I think he's right not to jump," she said.

We told her it didn't matter whether or not he was right. A man's career in the Navy depends a lot on what other officers think of him.

That argument brought her around. She wrote: "Dear Gary, I've always wanted a ripcord. Will you bring one down for me?"—Linda.

I handed the note to him early the next morning. "I suppose you know all about this," he mumbled. "Sure. She wants you to take a jump."

"But why?"

"You've been wondering how to find out if she's interested in you. She wouldn't be worrying about your reputation if she weren't interested. Take the kid a ripcord and you can chart your own course from then on."

He hesitated, and I didn't give him time to decide the wrong way. I rushed him in to see the flight officer, got permission for him to make a jump, and wangled the pilot's seat in the K-6 for myself. When we levelled off at 2000, Bunting, the seaman, grimed sickly and went overside. I called an okay to Gary.

"I'm not jumping," he said. I gasped, "But Linda will think—" He muttered, "She can't be the girl I thought she was. I don't go in for this self-made hero racket."

I jawed at him for five minutes without changing his mind. Ensign Blackburn sat in the steersman's seat with a nasty look on his face. I knew what he was thinking. I was thinking it myself. I took the blimp down. Several of the bunch were waiting around when we docked. Nobody had to tell them anything. They knew Gary had planned to jump this time, and had lost his nerve. Andy came up and told Gary, "I hope you have a nice safe civilian job lined up. There isn't room for you in the Navy."

"Maybe there will be," Gary said, "after a few of you artificial heroes break your necks." He looked almost ready to start some of the neck-breaking right then on Andy, but he didn't do anything.

From then on, he was through. You don't need a Board of Inquiry to bust a man out of the service. The silence treatment is just as effective. Nobody would speak to Gary except in line of duty. A week went by. Two. His face got lean and strained, more like a granite reef than ever. It wouldn't take much longer, I thought, for him to crack.

He was in command of the K-6 one afternoon when we showed off on an overnight training flight up Long Island Sound.

Everything went smoothly until early the next morning, when trouble began creeping up on us as grimly as a slow leak. First it was engine trouble, while we were cruising along the upper Sound. We dropped a sea anchor and started tinkering with the engines. Not fifteen minutes later NEL radioed us to return immediately. We were in for a north-easter.

While we sweated over the engines the K-6 began pointing north-east into a rising breeze. A quilt of grey clouds came down to tuck us in. A couple of star-class boats quit hanging around and scudded for port.

water creaming along their gun-wales. The wind velocity built up. The K-6 tugged at her sea anchor like a big fish brought to gaff.

Two hours passed. The wind built up. Fifteen knots. Eighteen. Twenty. The ceiling dropped to 1500. We coaxed the engines back to life and started on the three-hour cruise to Lakehurst. The wind kept trying to shove us south-west. Its velocity was twenty-five knots. Nimbo-stratus closed down to 800 and rain pattered on the fabric.

The wind built up to thirty knots. About 2 p.m. we scudded over Brooklyn and headed out across the Lower Bay. The engines were acting bronchial again. In the steersman's seat I could just about keep us on course south by west for Lakehurst. I put on the headset and called NEL. "NEL from K-6," I reported. "Position about sixty miles bearing one-zero Lakehurst."

I looked at the compass as I spoke, and stiffened. We weren't on course. We were off thirty-five degrees, heading south-west instead of south by west. I gave her all the rudder I could. Still south-west.

I pulled the headset off, and yelled, "Step up those engines will you? This rudder's like a dish rag."

Nobody answered. Nobody had to. With the headset off I could answer myself. The port engine was dead. The starboard engine was sputtering. I could hardly hear it above the yowling wind and the rain machine-gunning the fabric. Gary took over the radio. His voice crackled into the transmitter: "NEL from K-6 . . . NEL from K-6 . . . K-6 unable to keep on course . . ."

We were tearing south-west at forty knots an hour, pitching like a destroyer in a squall. A shoreline slid by under us. Monmouth County. Sand gave way to scrub pines. Gary took off the headset, and I asked him, "What's the verdict? Do we ride along and try to get the engines working?"

He shook his head. "This gale might carry us five hundred miles before we completed repairs. We haven't enough fuel to beat back any distance like that."

"How about trying to land here?" I asked.

"Without a ground crew? At forty knots? In these scrub pines? There wouldn't be enough left to interest a rag man."

Ensign Blackburn growled, "Don't suggest bailing out, Mal. We know Mr. Stowe's feelings about that."

Gary snapped, "If we ride this gale or try a landing or bail out, chances are the ship will be wrecked. Lighter-than-air will get a black eye."

"You always claimed you wouldn't mind taking chances in an emergency," I said. "Well, you've got a real one now."

He said stiffly, "If we could get back to Lakehurst to try a landing we wouldn't get minced by trees."

"Lakehurst is south of us," I growled. "Wind isn't going that way."

He handed me a slip of paper and said, "Take a look at this upper air soundings report. I just got it."



ROYAL-BLUE coat-frock buttoned up the front of the plain shirt bodice. To this Cresta adds a matching felt hat with a pom-pom and veil catching the hair at the back.

THE report showed a north-easter up to 4000. Above that the wind was backing around north until, at 6000, there was a forty-five knot gale from the north-west. Nimbo-stratus all the way up.

"We might try riding this gale until we're north-west of the station," I suggested. "Then we could drop ballast, get up to 6000, ride the north-west gale to the station and try to wriggle down."

He muttered, "We'd never hit the station, coming down blind through all that nimbo-stratus."

"Then let's take our crash now."

"Wait," he said. "That's a black eye for lighter-than—"

I picked up a wrench and balanced myself in the pitching cabin. "You're stalling," I said. "You're afraid to take any kind of a chance. If you don't make a decision in one minute, I'm going to take command. They can bust me for it later—if there's anything left to bust."

He said evenly, "I order you to—"

"Fifty seconds." He looked at my wrench. "All right. How about this? We climb right now to that north-west gale. We ride it until we're north-east of the station. We work our way down into the north-easter again. We hedge-hop back to the station under the nimbo-stratus, so we'll have visibility."

I almost laughed in his face. Hedge-hop! He should have said wave-hop. He didn't seem to realise his proposed course would take us maybe ten miles out to sea. The ceiling might be close to zero and he'd have to set the K-6 down nearly onto the waves to get visibility on the return leg. The K-6 might play submarine. I wanted to see his face when he realised what kind of chances he would be taking.

"Let's go," I said.

Gary dropped sand ballast and the K-6 jumped like a tarpon. The windshield fogged as we rose into nimbo-stratus. At about 6000 the increased bumpiness of the air and clearing of atmosphere showed that we had got up into the north-westerly wind. The starboard engine was doing better now. Enough to give me some rudder control.

Please turn to page 44

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

Elasto
The Wonder Tablet
Take It!
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Economical Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables Nature to resume elasticity to the broken-down and devalued fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1532E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.540)

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Gentle as a toilet soap . . . lasts much longer

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3-21-42

Confound the Odds

Continued from page 43

IN less than an hour we neared the point of our angle. The ship was statically light after our long cruise and we didn't have enough power to drive her down. Gary valved helium. It seemed ages while we clawed down into the north-easter. Suddenly the nimbo-stratus shredded away below us. There was the sea. Actually, the ceiling was 400 feet, but the clouds and waves looked as close as steam coming off dirty dishwater.

Gary dropped the last of the sand ballast to check our descent. We levelled off at 300 and went bouncing back toward the coast. It was no joke keeping her in that narrow band between clouds and waves, the way she dipped and rose. Gary handled that blimp as delicately as a girl dancer might handle a balloon. Several times the gale would have slammed us into a wave if he hadn't spilled gasoline, to lighten ship, at the right moment. I gave him a lot of credit for his piloting. Of course that didn't change my opinion of his nerve. Most men will put up a fair show when their backs are to the wall.

The coast rolled up to us like a wave. We were so low it looked as if it would break over our heads. Gary spilled more gasoline and we did a gull-awoop over the dunes. Just as we cleared, I heard a welcome noise. Blackburn and the mechanic had licked the starboard engine into shape. Gary throttled down at once.

"What's the idea of throttling down?" I complained. "I could use that extra rudder control."

"I've spilled a lot of gasoline," he said. "Got to save all we can for the landing."

We stormed along for fifteen miles. I did some sweating over that limp rudder. If we didn't hit the station on the nose, we couldn't try again. I felt pretty happy when I saw the big barn about two miles dead ahead. "Are they all ready for us?" I asked.

"Not quite," he said solemnly.

"They're still looking for a bugler to blow taps—in case we overshoot the field."

I stared at him. That wasn't the kind of remark you'd expect from a timid guy in a spot like this. Hanged if he didn't seem to be enjoying himself. I began to feel sick. Just a couple of hours ago I'd accused him of stalling. I didn't have time for much more thinking right then, because things started to happen too fast. We were sweeping in at 250 feet to clear the mess of water tanks, radio antennae, helium tanks and hangars blocking our course to the field. A half-mile from the big barn we caught a nasty up-gust. The altimeter jumped to 600 and we nosed into nimbo-stratus again. Gary valved helium to check the rise. Just as he got the K-8 heavy again a down-gust pulled us into a slanting dive at the buildings, tanks and towers.

"Spill the gasoline!" I yelled.

Gary scrambled from his seat, hooking his fingers in his D-ring. "You need that gasoline," he snapped. "Take the elevator, Mr. Blackburn. So long."

"Too low!" I howled. "Chute won't open! Not a chance. You'll—"

He grinned and said, "Confound the odds." Then he went out of the cabin door in a flat racing dive.

The loss of his weight checked our descent. Blackburn jumped to the pilot's seat and we skimmed over the big barn. After that it wasn't hard. We revved up that starboard engine and managed to hold the K-8's nose into the wind for a few minutes.

The ground crew grabbed the long handling lines and got us down. But I didn't feel happy. I kept thinking of Gary's wild plunge to save the blimp. When he dived we must have been close to 200 feet. It takes about two seconds for a chute to open in a free jump. A body falls at an accelerating speed of thirty-two feet per second. Even if he missed hitting a tank or building he wouldn't have had a chance.

Anyway, he made it. I still don't know how. They tell me he must have been well under one hundred feet when the chute fluffed out. He hit just clear of the Administration Building. The chute dragged him nastily until it collapsed against the hangar. He was bruised and groggy, but insisted on coming around to see the K-8 docked safely.

There was a regular reception on that soggy field. Most of the station personnel had seen him take that suicide jump, and we told them the rest. A coupe braked to a halt beside us. Jane piled out and into my arms. After I came up for air I saw Linda, her face white under the golden-rod tan, talking to Gary at the other side of the car.

She was saying, "Lieutenant-Commander Medway just told me everybody had been wrong about you."

Gary scuffled in the mud and happened to look down at his right hand. All this time he had been hanging onto his ripcord. "You asked me for one of these things once," he mumbled. "Here you are."

"I don't need it," she said.

"Better take it," he growled. "I don't bring 'em down for fun."

I thought it was time for me to straighten out some of the mess I'd helped to make. I said, "Jane and I made Linda write that note. She didn't want to. She said you were right not to do any practice jumping."

He turned to Linda, stammering. "Then—then you weren't looking for any self-made hero?"

She shook her head.

"Gee," he said, looking like a captain who has just wangled command of a battleship, "that makes a difference."

She smiled. "Does it?"

He just stood there mumbling. "I don't mind taking chances in an emergency," he muttered. After another pause he looked at Linda worshipfully and asked me if he could, uh, drop over that evening to borrow Lehmann's book.

(Copyright)

Famous old-time duets back in favor

Popular feature of radio matinee

Those old-time duets, popular features of the drawing-room musicales of our grandparents' days, are returning to popularity, particularly with women.

People again want to hear such old-time favorites as "Excelsior," "Watchman, What of the Night?" and "Battle Eve."

THESE duets have proved one of the most popular features of 2GB's Thursday afternoon entertainment for women shoppers.

"The Radio Matinee" is a comparatively new feature in Australian shopping life, and it is broadcast from the restaurant of a well-known store.

In addition to proving the popularity of old-time duets, it has proved that Sydney has some fine teams of duettists, including Heather Kincaid and Raymond Beatty, Stanley Clarkson and Ron Dunne, and Margaret Carr and John Rix.

Capacity audience

WRITTEN, produced, and compered by Harry Nott, well-known comedian of the Mosman Musical Society, who has also taken part in more than 150 camp concerts for the troops, this radio matinee is now attracting a capacity audience of 450 shoppers, who find it a welcome interlude.

Every care is taken to present worth-while entertainment.

Many well-known names have appeared in recent programmes, such as Fred Bluett, Minnie Love, Phil Smith, Jack Sparks, and Grace Saville.

An interesting feature of the presentation is the introduction of the Glee Singing Girls, a choir recruited from the staff of the store.

Another feature of the show is the presentation of artists from either "The Youth Show" or "Australia's Amateur Hour." In this way the "Radio Matinee" not only gives a helping hand to young artists, but provides the novelty which gives variety to the entertainment.

Among the artists heard each week are the "Rhythm Boys."

Recent "Amateur Hour" winners who will appear at the matinee will be Dot and Marge (instrumentalists) and John Brown, who presents a novel musical item in which



MISS GRACE SAVILLE, one of the stars of "Radio Matinee."

he uses ordinary spoons to produce unusual and tuneful effects.

From "The Youth Show" Peggy McDonald and Wilma Gregory have been engaged for the afternoon programme. Mannequin parades will also be featured regularly.

The broadcast is from 3.45 to 4.15 p.m., but the show itself commences at 3.30 p.m., so that the audience in the hall has an extra quarter-hour entertainment both before and after the broadcast.

This part of the entertainment offers a number of novel features, including a musical quiz, with prizes for the contestants who answer correctly.

In addition, there is a little community singing, while a feature popular both with the listeners and audience is the dramatized story competition. Each week prizes of ten shillings and five shillings are offered to listeners for the two best short stories submitted. These must be suitable for dramatization as humorous sketches.

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Do not diet, and take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises to look slimmer, younger and smarter. You can keep your figure forever young by wearing a **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET**. Reduce 2 inches in a week, 3 inches in 10 days. The moment you step into this beautiful garment it will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately. Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually reduce at waist, hips and thighs and you look and feel so much younger, so much smarter.

These illustrations show how many corsets permit the whole figure to sag and how the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** quickly corrects figure faults.



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The **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** is definitely NOT MADE OF RUBBER. It is tailor-cut and tailor-made of special corset fabrics to reduce, control and beautify the figure in absolute comfort and safety. It is light and strong, yet perfectly flexible—undoubtedly the most comfortable corset you ever enjoyed wearing! It is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn.



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The Homemaker

June 14, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

June is the month for ROSE-PLANTING

OF all the gifts bestowed by nature upon man, the rose is the loveliest, the most graceful and fragrant, and has rightly been named the Queen of Flowers.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

AND now is the time when the bushes that carry these floral goddesses may be planted in the garden.

They will bloom from October until June, sometimes running well into July in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth, and are, therefore, worth spending a lot of time over, and deserving of more than ordinary care and attention.

Good soil that is well drained and an open sunny position, where they can please the eye and brighten up the garden with their colorful blooms, are two of the most necessary ingredients for success with roses.

If the soil is not good it must be built up and enriched, for no one ever grew a good rose in soil that lacked fertility.

The soil not only supplies plants with food, but also provides a home for the roots to grasp and resist the attacks of winds, therefore it should be firm, not loose, and con-

tain plenty of well-decayed organic matter.

Mere digging is not enough when preparing the land for roses. It should be trenched as deeply as possible, due attention being paid to the breaking up of any hard-pan of clay or shale that may lie immediately below the shallow surface covering.

If this is not done that hard-pan may hold the water and become boggy in wet weather, a condition that no self-respecting rose will tolerate very long.

If the drainage cannot be made satisfactorily by breaking up the hard-pan, piping may be necessary to carry off the surplus water, or, as an alternative, raise the beds as high as possible and bank the sides to hold the soil in position.

Sandy soil is more difficult to handle as a rose-growing medium than any other, but good-quality roses can be grown in sand if the gardener will adopt the right methods.

If trenches 2ft. 6in. are dug and green, decayed vegetable matter 6in. deep is placed at the bottom, followed by a mixture of clayey loam



SOME EXQUISITE ROSES. Among them are Pink Radiance, Red Radiance, Madame Butterfly (pale pink), and Hadley (dark red).

and cow manure 1ft. deep, good roses will be produced.

This is a method largely used in Perth, where excellent roses have been grown for many years in very sandy soil.

By this means the porosity of the sand is largely counteracted and a certain amount of plant food provided.

For ordinary garden conditions, where the soil is a medium loam consisting of a mixture of clay and sand, or shaley clay, nothing much more than a good supply of humus (plant food) is required if the ground is well drained.

When the rose-bushes arrive from the nursery they should be carefully examined, and, if at all shrivelled, placed in water for some hours to plump up. They can then be placed in a temporary trench, given a watering, and left there until required.

Never attempt to plant rose-bushes if the soil is in a very wet and sticky condition. Heel them temporarily into the ground in a high position until the surplus water has run away and they will strike more satisfactorily.

When planting disentangle the roots and lay them all out in as nearly a natural position as their shape suggests. Trim off broken or injured roots with the secateurs, and go over the plants themselves, removing all unripe wood.

The branches, unless they were pruned by the nurseryman, should also be shortened back lightly to a good eye.

When digging the hole make it 12 inches square and 10 inches deep. Keep some good rich soil made up of old manure and some bonedust handy, for this will be required when filling in later on.

Work the soil well at the bottom of the hole with the fork, and mix in some of the good soil into the shape of an inverted bowl or dome. The roots must be spread over this dome and all point outwards and downwards.

Then fill in the soil to about an inch over the acion (grafting or budding point), and firm well all round. Wherever possible allow a saucer-shaped depression round each bush to hold water, and give the shrub a good soaking.

Where standard roses are being planted, fix in a good stout stake and tie the stem to this, taking care to place a buffer on the stake, such as a piece of flannel, to prevent chafing.

B·R·E·A·T·H·E

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IRRITATION



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Tilt your head back. Put up each nostril a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Rub. Takes only a few seconds. But, oh, what relief it brings!

As the tingling medication spreads through the inflamed nose-passages, you feel swollen membranes shrink. Irritation disappears, clogging mucus loosens. You breathe again... long, cool, delightfully clear breaths.

Begin now to enjoy new nose comfort. Keep Vicks Vapo-Rub handy. Use it freely.

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Night stuffiness won't spoil sleep if you use a few drops of Vicks Vapo-Rub to clear your nose.

Sinus ache is often eased by Vicks Vapo-Rub. By keeping sinus openings clear, it avoids the congestion that causes throbbing pain.

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Snoring, caused by stuffed-up nose and breathing through mouth, is avoided by using Vicks Vapo-Rub.

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quicker
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MAKE THIS DRAMATIC TEST YOURSELF

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds, by the time it hits the bottom of the glass, it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.



Stop pain more quickly with

BAYER'S ASPIRIN

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A1

Prizes for . . .

THESE RECIPES

● All entries in our weekly best recipe competition—a fascinating contest open to all our readers. You, too, must have a recipe that is a family favorite . . . Send it to us and maybe you will win a cash prize for it.

ALL you have to do to enter our best recipe competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

So get busy with pen and paper now and write out that recipe.

ALMOND SAND CAKE

One ounce ground rice, ½ oz. ground almonds, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. flour, 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, grated rind 1 lemon, almond essence.

Beat butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Add essence to yolks of eggs and beat well, then add gradually to creamed butter and sugar. Add whites which have been well beaten. Beat all well. Fold in sifted flour and other dry ingredients. Place in a lined cake tin and bake in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 1 to 1½ hours.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Maria Laby, 44 Bay St., Croydon, N.S.W.

CASSEROLE FRUIT CAKE

One cup dried apricots, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 4 eggs (separated), 1 cup seeded raisins, 1-3rd cup crystallised cherries, 2-3rds cup

mixed peel, 1-3rd cup almonds, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carb. soda.

Cover apricots with cold water, bring to boil. Boil 1 minute, drain and slice coarsely. Then beat butter, sugar, and egg-yolks together until light. Stir in raisins, etc. (measured after cutting), sift flour, salt, and soda, add alternately with stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into a well-greased two-quart casserole. Cover and bake in a very slow oven (275 deg. F.) for 2½ hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. L. Taylor, Box 68, Quambatook, Vic.

MIGNONETTE CUPS

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 3 tablespoons apple puree, 4 tablespoons almond meal, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, crystallised fruit for decorating, sweetened whipped cream.

Line patty cases with pastry, prick well and cook in a hot oven (425 degrees). Allow to stand until cold. Stew apples, using very little water, and sieve. When cold mix in almond meal, icing sugar, and lastly stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Fill cases and decorate with piped whipped cream and crystallised fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to F. Uren, Clovelly Ave., Clarence Gardens, S.A.

ORKABIE SPECIAL

Two cups rolled oats, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 teacup brown sugar, ½ lb. butter.

Melt butter and mix all together; press into flat tin. Bake in slow oven about half an hour, cut in squares when cold. Good substitute for shortbread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

ECONOMICAL CHEESE SAVORY

One large cup fresh breadcrumbs, 1 large cup milk, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup grated cheese, pepper and salt (cayenne if liked).

Place butter and milk in a saucepan, bring to boil, and stand a few minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks, breadcrumbs, cheese, salt, pepper. Stir well. To this mixture add stiffly-beaten egg-whites, stirring lightly. Pour into greased oven-proof dish, and bake in hot oven till lightly brown, about 15-20 minutes. Chopped gherkin or ham may be added, or Welsh rarebit cheese used instead of the plain cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. A. Pye, Bowral, N.S.W.

ORANGE MERINGUE CUPS

Eight sweet oranges, 5 stoned and chopped dates, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 egg-white beaten stiffly with 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 dessertspoon water.

Cut top off each orange and carefully hollow out, leaving shell only. Mix pulp from which pith has been removed with dates, coconut, raisins, and walnuts. Return to shells. Bake oranges in casserole to which has been added 1 cup water in moderate oven for 45 minutes. When nearly cooked, place teaspoon of meringue on each and sprinkle with coconut. Serve hot with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss McGrath, c/o L. W. Ryan, Four Corners, via Ungarie, N.S.W.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: If you possess some lovely pieces of jewellery like the bracelet and ring set worn here by Phillis Calvert, GBD, do keep it sparkling. To clean gold, silver, or gilt jewellery set with precious or semi-precious stones, dip into warm soapy water and dry by brushing with a very soft brush. Dry awkward crevices with a piece of blotting-paper rolled to a point. This method does not apply to imitation jewellery.

juice to mix to a stiff paste. Roll on a floured board to oblong shape, about 1-inch thick. Spread with mixture, and fold into a neat roll. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. This could be made into a large paste if preferred.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. C. Maher, Ingalls Farm, Warral, via Tamworth, N.S.W.

PUMPKIN CHEESE

Six pounds good pumpkin, 1½ lb. butter, 6lb. sugar, juice 6 lemons.

Prepare pumpkin and steam till tender. Beat up well with other ingredients and simmer for half an hour. Put into jars and cover like lemon cheese. Delicious for tarts and cake fillings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Smith, Hillside, Vic.

THE ONE HORSE RACE



One minute . . . eight . . . nine . . . 17 seconds! And "Linemond" clocks in for six furlongs on her morning work out. Les Hambley, apprentice, has a tough job there. Up at 5 a.m. and out on the cold, foggy track. It's no bed of roses. But Les loves every second of it. "Too right it's cold," says Les. "You come out here on the track at six o'clock and see how cold it is! I always have a hot cup of Bonox before I start out and then another one when I come back. That fixes me up!" Bonox pours new strength into your bloodstream—gives you a quick lift and keeps your head above the flu line. So drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar for a steaming cupful of Bonox. Buy a bottle on your way home.

K15.

BISCUITS . . . crisp and crunchy

By . . .

MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to
The Australian
Women's Weekly

THE recipes for biscuits on this page are tested and suitable for any occasion—for the children's 11 o'clock snack, for your quick cup of tea, or for the expected or unexpected guest.

HAWAIIAN MOMENTS

Three ounces butter, 2oz. icing sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. flour, 1oz. corn-flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon coconut, 3 tablespoons grated pineapple, 1 teaspoon lemon rind.

Cream butter and sugar well; add beaten egg. Stir in coconut and grated pineapple and lemon rind, and lastly sifted flour and baking

powder. Place in small spoonfuls on greased tray. Cook in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

BISCUIT MALLOWS

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 3oz. flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk.

Cream butter and sugar and add egg-yolk and lemon juice. Add

YOU can make the tempting-looking biscuits shown here at home. They are ideal fare for the biscuit barrel, easy to make, delicious for afternoon tea, supper or at any other time.

sifted dry ingredients. Roll thinly and cut into shapes. Bake in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

Topping: 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, coloring, flavoring, chopped nuts.

Place sugar, water, glucose and gelatine in saucepan and heat until well dissolved. Cool slightly, color and flavor and whip until light and holding shape. Pipe onto cold biscuits and sprinkle with nuts.

BURNT BUTTER BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. flour, 1 egg-yolk, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, blanched almonds.

Melt butter in saucepan and brown. Cool and stir in sugar and beat to a cream. Add egg-yolk and then sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Place in small spoonfuls on a greased tray and top each with half an almond. Bake in a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

COCONUT MERINGUES

Two egg-whites, 2/3rds cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 1/3rds cups coconut, flavoring essence, cherries.

Whip egg-whites until stiff, and gradually whip in the sugar and cornflour. Beat over boiling water until the mixture is thickening and beginning to cook on bottom. Fold in coconut and flavoring. Place in teaspoonfuls on a greased tray (on rice paper is preferable) and top with a slice of cherry. Cook in centre of a slow oven (temp. 300 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes or until set and the lightest fawn color.

FOAM FINGERS

Two ounces butter, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 egg (separated), 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar (for topping), vanilla, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar well; beat in egg-yolk and essence and stir in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Knead lightly and roll thinly. Whip egg-whites until stiff, gradually adding the tablespoon of sugar; spread over rolled mixture. Cut into finger strips and place on a greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Leave on tray until cool.

More biscuit recipes on opposite page

A DELICIOUS ASSORTMENT of home-made biscuits—Foam Fingers, Coconut Meringues, Burnt Butter Biscuits, Hawaiian Moments, Biscuit MalloWS and others. Recipes for making these are given below.



DOCTOR'S RECIPE FOR

Health + Energy



HOUSEWIFE'S RECIPE FOR Better, Tastier Breakfasts . . .

Doctors recommend Creamoata for growing children and hard working adults because Creamoata contains more nourishment than any other breakfast cereal and because it is an abundant source of vitamins B1 and E that build body and brain and restore nerve tissues. Wives prefer to serve Creamoata, because its rich nutty flavour makes it first favourite with the family. It only takes 5 minutes to prepare. 3 large plates cost only one penny.

SERVANT DAN

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& 'DIMPLE OATIES'



Australia's choice with every meat course is a dash of Rosella Tomato Sauce.

The sauce with the true tomato flavor. You'll also enjoy Rosella Relish, Fruit Chutney, French Mustard Sauce, Spiced Sauce.

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DURING the absence through illness of Dr. Dafoe, the Quins are in the care of Dr. John Kyles, who is shown here being greeted by the Quins on his morning visit.



The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, the children brought home from school a questionnaire asking if they had been immunised against diphtheria and had we any objection to their being done. Our children have not been immunised. Do you believe it is advisable?

DOCTOR: So strongly do I feel on this question that if I were in a position to do so I would make it compulsory by law to have every child over ten months of age immunised at once against diphtheria.

Diphtheria is a scourge which, since the earliest ages, has been responsible for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of children—you might even say millions.

It is foolish to wait till the disease is upon a child, for its action is quick.

It is too late to think of prevention when the child has contracted the complaint. Diphtheria is swift and merciless.

Immunisation is not a painful operation.

Small children hardly notice it—just a prick in the arm, maybe a few tears, and then it is forgotten. But the child remains protected against diphtheria.

Diphtheria is mainly a disease of childhood. Most babies, especially those who are fed by their mother, are naturally immune, but they become susceptible soon after weaning. That is why the authorities try to impress upon parents the necessity of having children immunised before they reach their first birthday.

Probably the class most susceptible to diphtheria are those between the ages of one and five years. Only three out of every ten are naturally immune at this age.

Above five years of age about fifty per cent. have acquired a

About Immunisation

natural immunity—but that still leaves half the children in the world over five years of age susceptible to infection, unless they have been immunised.

For hundreds of years in scores of countries diphtheria carried off the young children, and doctors were unable to do anything but look on.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, however, research workers discovered a serum, which, if given as soon as the disease was diagnosed, greatly reduced the mortality.

But this anti-toxin had to be given early if it was to do its work.

Still working on the problem research workers in the beginning of the present century found that the best way to wipe out the scourge was to artificially immunise the child

population—a method of prevention rather than cure.

Since this discovery was made and later put into practice the percentage of deaths from diphtheria has dropped amazingly.

Take our own Australian States. Since the work of immunisation began the cases reported have shrunk to less than half, and as time goes on, as more and more children are protected, the percentage will become still lower.

In America, where the work of immunising the child population has been going on longer, the figures are even more convincing.

Brentwood, a city of 35,000 people, where immunisation has been in vogue for fifteen years, has had no case of diphtheria during the last seven years.

In Australia it has not been made compulsory. But surely no parents who have their children's welfare at heart will deprive them of the great benefits that immunisation against diphtheria confers.

ARISTOCRATIC IRRESISTIBLE

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For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Cold weather hints

AT the approach of the winter season every mother should know how to care for her baby, and know what adjustments she must make to food, clothing, etc., to safeguard her baby from chills and colds.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free, if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

HAIR COMES FORWARD...

THE coiffures pictured on this page were specially designed by a leading hair stylist to meet the new "forward" trend.

—By JANETTE



LEFT: Exquisite new "forward" coiffure. Centre-front is brought forward and curled in loose roll to one side. A high coil at crown of head, and sides brushed upward and forward. Back hair brushed softly to one side, hugging head.

CENTRE: "Forward" style for the youthful. Hair is parted across crown of head from ear to ear. Centre-top is brushed forward to form a bang, while hair at either side is brushed up in ringlets on crown. Back hair is curled.

RIGHT: Smart daytime coiffure in the "forward" manner. Centre-front is brushed forward to form soft fringe, while hair at sides is curled upwards and forwards. Back hair is short and brushed close to head to emphasise shape.



ABOVE: In this "forward" coiffure the hair is parted across crown and the whole front is brushed upwards and forwards into curls. Flat curls cover forehead. Back is set in cluster of large loose curls.

LEFT: Fascinating variation of the "forward" style. Hair is parted at right to allow left side to be brushed up and forward in one long roll. Opposite side set in smaller but similar roll. Back softly curled.

Results of authentic NATIONAL SURVEY conducted among Australian dentists

IPANA CHOSEN FOR **DENTISTS' PERSONAL USE**
3 to 1 OVER ANY OTHER **DENTIFRICE!**



Be guided by this overwhelming preference of those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums . . . start using Ipana and massage today.

YES! by more than 3 to 1 — these dentists have shown their preference for Ipana . . . the tooth paste specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help your gums to health.

Here are the findings of the recent survey independently conducted among dentists throughout the Commonwealth.

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation — paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

Start using Ipana yourself! Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "ting" exclusive with Ipana and massage — means that gum circulation is being increased . . . helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

So, for healthier gums, brighter teeth, and a more attractive smile . . . begin now the helpful habit of Ipana and massage! Buy a tube at your chemists, to-day.

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

GUARD YOUR SMILE WITH IPANA AND GUM MASSAGE!



Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Regular Size 1/- — Super Size 2/-.

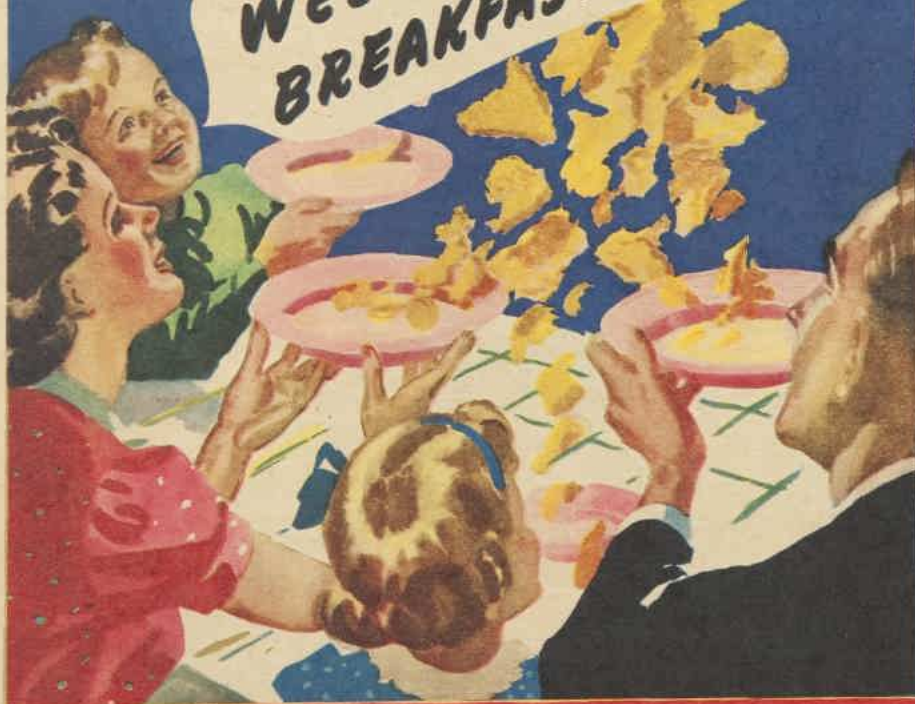
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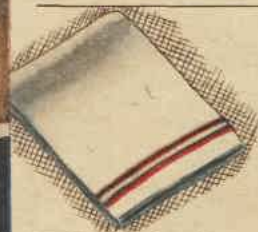
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| *KWIC-BRU | *RICE | *GLUTEN BISCUITS | *WHEAT |
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Hay Street. |
| HOBART | 43 Elizabeth Street. |
| LAUNCESTON | 82 Charles Street. |
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If you cannot call, send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you. Write for a catalogue of free gifts.

This Scheme Does Not Operate in South Australia.

IMPORTANT—Wartime conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.



ABOVE: Modern room. This bedroom has been designed for the modern flat where space is restricted. Furniture is purely functional, and in place of the workmanship and quality of other periods modern decor relies on clear, brilliant color and clean lines for effect.

LEFT: Australian Pioneer room—1850—typical of early days when pioneering families endeavored to transplant the homely atmosphere of the English living-room into the Australian outback.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

● Here is the second series of pictures of rooms in the recent exhibition, in aid of the Red Cross Society, portraying the Englishman's home from 1700 to 1941. Last week we showed pictures of 18th-century rooms.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Busy People like Heinz Spaghetti because it's so handy—so convenient. Just pop it (can and all) into boiling water and—hey presto!—in a few minutes it's ready to serve—savory, sustaining and satisfyingly delicious.



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Try Heinz Spaghetti
On Toast
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MEAL IN A MILLION
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CLASSIC MODERN ROOM—1941. In this room modern fabrics and furniture have been combined with period pieces, and arranged to give the comfort and color required in homes to-day.



EDWARDIAN ROOM, 1901-1910. Light furniture, fresh chintzes, flowers, and potted plants give Edwardian rooms much charm, despite the hang-over profusion from the Victorian era. In Edwardian days, too, many lovely antique pieces came into the limelight again.



VICTORIAN ROOM, 1837-1901. After the graceful order of the Georgian period, Victorian rooms appear overburdened with knick-knacks and decoration. But this profusion provided romantic relief against the solidity of furniture of a prosperous middle-class era.

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If you have any home decoration problems at all, then just write to Anne Stewart, our famous expert on Home Decoration at 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.



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Pond's "Lips" will break men's hearts, but never your own—because Pond's "Lips" stay on much longer. The last dance—or the last kiss—will find your Pond's "Lips" still glowing with warm, intriguing colour. And Pond's "Lips" are as glamorous under the bright sunlight as under the glare of electric light. Each shade is blended scientifically to keep its warm, rich colour. Six smart shades of Pond's Lipstick—at all chemists and stores.



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Lipstick "A"
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MAKE THIS TEST.

Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it your other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue. See for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

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